

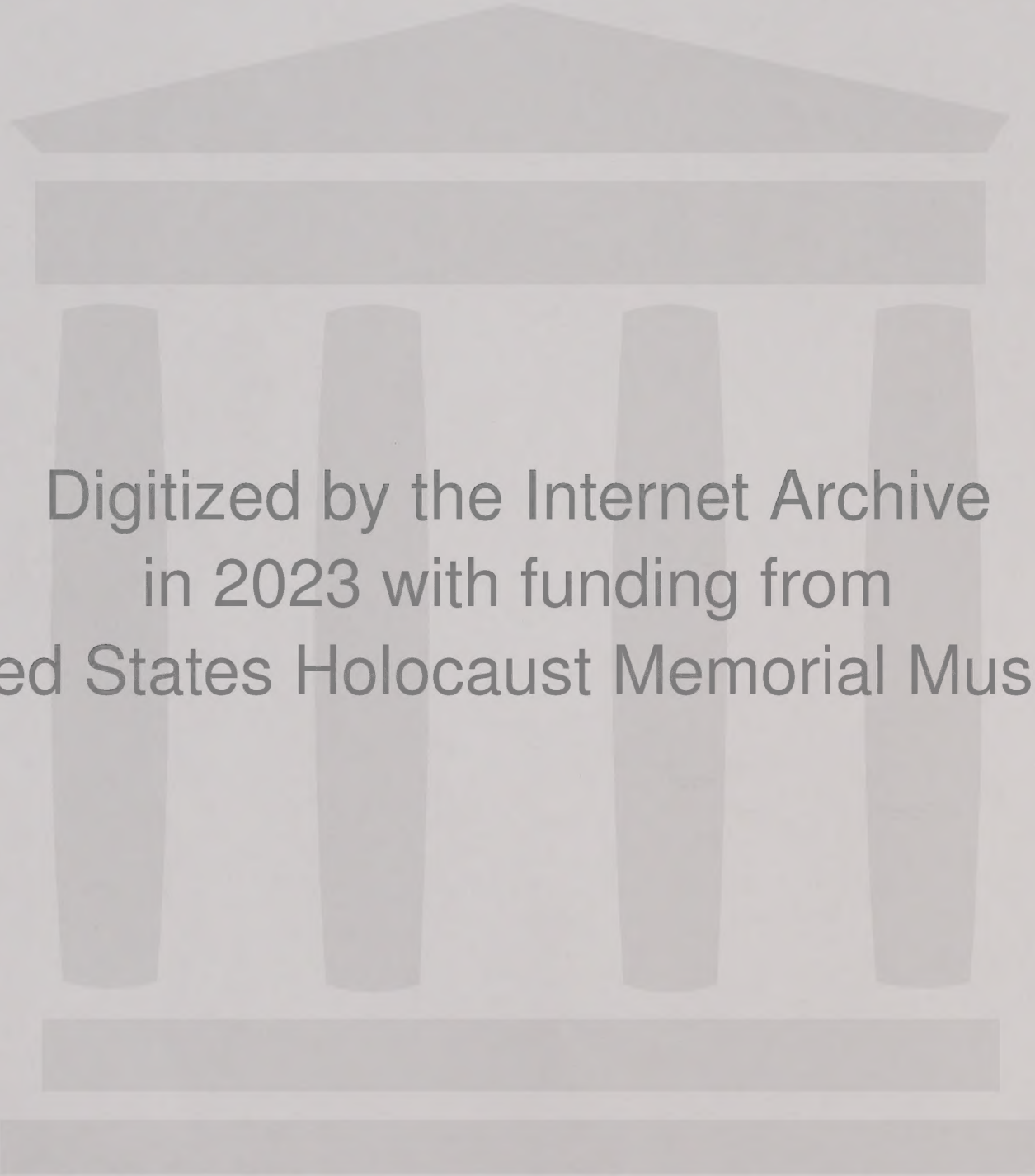


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1939

Voyage to Palestine, based on memory and documents
Assembled by Dr. Hirsch, currently residing at Beth-Chanan

Translated by Peter Hirsch, his son, starting November, 2000.

Numbers in curly brackets {} are to references in the original, but all are lost.

Items in square brackets [] are my notes, and where empty refer to words or parts of words that I was unable to recognize/translate.

I have made no attempt to polish the English, preferring to hew close to the original.

March 1. About 15:00, phone call from Ehrenberg whether I'm willing to accompany an emmigration transport to Israel as doctor. If yes, call Dr. Rosenthal in Danzig this evening. The call showed the position to be still open. After discussion with Hilde, decided to go because of the threatening war and help with our finances. No way do I want to be in Germany in a war. Have avoided concentration camp so far. That evening I received a telegram from the Berlin police presidium {1}

March 2. Telegram from Danzig {2}. Took care of tax matters {3} and {4}, passport {5} No. II/16130/38 Police presidium Berlin (E. Israel Hirsch). Purchased toilet articles, tropical clothing. At 1600, Tempelhof [Berlin] airport with Hilde, Peter, Mrs. Eisenberg and her cousin Mrs. Hag from Essen. Hilde wept. Oh, such bitter feelings. We'll see each other again soon !? Left Berlin at 1700, arrived Danzig 1900. A smooth and quiet flight over the clouds, that looked like a sea of cotton. Met by Mr. Silberstein, then with baggage in a rental car to the hotel (at the railroad station.) About 2200 applied for a stateless person passport at the police station, issued as valid until April 20, 1939.

Surrender this passport to the Greek border police in the port authority in Lavrio. Gave my luggage keys and documents to Ernst Loewinsohn, Danzig, Hansapl. 4 {6}, to forward them to Loewenstein in Tel Aviv. So I saved all the documents from being thrown overboard just before our first landing in Haifa. Two hours sleep in the hotel.

March 3. 0300. Appearance in front of the sheep-pen ['Schaefererei (sp?)'] in the harbor. 0400 The 450 emigrants left on trucks and buses, after roll call by name by the police. Sad, disconsolate picture of people who have given up everything. Deeply emotional leave taking scenes! After a drive of about two hours, arrival in Marienburg (East Prussia), and reload onto a special passenger train that was waiting on the loading ramp of the freight railroad station. Well organized. Hot sausages and potato salad. Doctor compartment with Dr. Wittkowsky, an orthodox bachelor-odd-fellow. Be very considerate of him. Transport leader Kaminer, and compartment leader [] Loewenbach with wife! and son. Lots of food, enough to drink. Health condition good, no accidents, one case of [], no venereal disease. The journey: Marienburg, Polish territory, Oderburg, Vienna, ([]), Budapest, []. First town in Rumania, and first reception by a Jewish organization. A moving reception, with lots of food, milk, chocolate and cigarettes, and best wishes for the future.

March 4. Past Bucharest.

March 5. Near evening in Reni[?] by Selina [in Rumania?]. Many people had swollen legs from uninterrupted sitting. The night on the train next to a man from Donau. Three

drunken Rumanian customs and border police on the train. Their removal after a scuffle with the military guards next to the train. For a while, I kept this element company.

March 6. A train arrived at about 1200 with 250 emigrants from Rumania and Hungary. At 1400 the Danziger embarked very quietly and with best discipline, then embarkation of the Rumanian transports onto the 850 ton Greek steamer "Astir" (Star). Shocking behavior of the Revisionist leadership at the embarkation (see the reports). Medical examination of the Rumanians showed one case of syphilis and two of gon[orrhea] sickness. Cast off about 1600, past Constante to Varna (Bulgaria [?]) Picked up about 20 released [from prison?] refugees, German, Rumanian, and Austrian. Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora, [], Gallipoli. The date of the battle (6/12/1917) painted in white on the cliff from where it can be seen from afar.

March 13. Samos. Storm all day and night. A Greek coast guard ship escorted us during the night because of the danger to our ship and passengers. Can only work by having sailors hold the patients and myself. Rodos (ital.) at night, seemed festive and fabulous because of harbor lights.

Cyprus: Expecting escort ship and news about the landing in Erez. Because no boat and no news after one day, turned around and [sailed] back and forth around hidden little islands in the Aegean. Back to Samos. Food is short, or is being hoarded. Food bought with cash from [?] and exploiters. Buyers get half what they expected. Barter is starting. Medicine supplies are replenished because of my constant urging.

March 15. First approach to Lavrio. Two "spies" called Cholewa and Lemberg are brought aboard by Mr. Levi from Athens. The latter says he was once a lieutenant in the German navy.

April 1. Try to land in Tel Aviv at night. The ship is blacked out. An English coast guard ship accosted us in the beautiful moonlight, and fired three warning flares. Because the ship did not stop immediately, after the third red flare it was attacked with machine gun fire. I watched it all from the mid deck. Three bullets penetrated the ships[?] near the men's restroom on the foredeck, two hits on the fore[?] on the bow at the entrance to the coal hold. They took us to Haifa, saying the circumstances would be better for us there, but in reality because the English authorities and police were there.

April 2 and 3. in Haifa. Ship occupied by English police. Our leadership fled into [] and does not want to be known as Revisionist. All documents that show the country of origin of individuals were thrown overboard. The police wrote down the personal particulars of every one, particularly the country of origin. All are suddenly German, even though many can't speak the language. Supplied with matzo, [], food, and drinking water. A fairly large quantity of gifts were brought by the English police and distributed by me, in spite of a suggestion by Revisionist propaganda minister (called []) to give them to the store.

April 4. Ship ordered to leave the harbor, and is escorted far beyond national water by English aircraft. The captain must do so, because he was threatened with a long prison sentence for trying to land without permission. An English secret agent, who I met again later in Tel Aviv, and to whom I owe thanks for forwarding a letter to Hilde, advised me to try a new landing attempt in three days ([]) So it goes.

April 8. After the Greek port of Lavrio to the Attikah pensinsula near Athens. The big Dornatic east sea begins here. (See report.)

April 9. Temporarily in port Zea. See attachment {8}

April 14. First strike of the doctors because of unbearable terrorist activity and corruption of the command authority (Betarim).

May 1. "Mosche" (transport leader) was arrested for the first time by the Greek port police and imprisoned in Lavrio, because of conditions aboard the ship, in particular because of embezzlement and sale of the gifts from Haifa to the passengers (3 oranges for 1 piaster.) Telegrams are supposed to go to Danzig.

May 3. The situation on the ship becomes ever more dangerous. Strongest opposition to Betarim. This telegram was also not sent.

May 5. Conflict between the leadership and the doctors has now increased to the highest level. The ship's captain sent both doctors ashore to Lavrio for a week, to rest and to be able to get better connection with the outside world. Lived in the prison house of the port authority. Slept on the []. A good meal in an inn, paid for by the Jewish community in Athens. First thorough wash in water from the local supply. Almost got free of lice, and then washed again. Treated severe cases partly ashore, partly on board. Can send mail again, after being completely cut off from the outer world.

May 9. The synagog community in Danzig is overwhelmed with threatening/incendiary letters. [] of the Community Consulate at first does not believe that the conditions are unbearable, but soon gets the right impression because of the nasty behavior of Betarim, in which he is himself [shouted at?]. But he is powerless, and can't do anything for us. People ashore are delightful, am guest of some prominent citizen every day. Treated some of the people medically. Daily conferences with [], the man from the community and lodge in Athens, the representative of Betarim in Athens, and Jochanan, a dark auditor with [], who comes from Betz near Cernowiz in Bessarabia. His first appearance on the ship was strongly opposed by the Revisionists, he was said to be the strong man, everything was locked up, and none of his compatriots are allowed to recognize him.

May 11. Outing with Thal, Jochanan, and a auditor leader Nachmanis, from Athens to [Cape] Sunio to the 2000 year old ruin of a temple of Poseidon. Beautiful day, and a wonderful view from the mountain, and a beautiful hotel, over a coast full of boulders. The temple is totally of marble.

May 13. Back to the "Astir". Excited reception by many of the passengers, despite prohibition by the Commandantur. Before leaving I had visited with many, in particular the mother of a mining engineer, who had made herself useful to me in a matter concerning her son in front of the government of Ma[]. There I also met, on about May 10, the wife of an English mining engineer who had influence in the neighborhood of []. I enlisted her also.

May 15. Mosche punished a second time for mistreating passengers, severely beaten in the Lavrio prison. The ship occupied by Greek police since May 5. Hides for two days, healing his welts from the beating. [something about a stick with bamboo insert]

May 18. Departure to harbor Zea, on a small pretty island near Athens, to load water and coal, allegedly on our way to Palestine. The harbor is inside the island. [a marginal sketch shows "light house", "entrance", "harbor", perhaps in the shape of a lagoon.] S.S. "Assinei" in the harbor, with [] 250 refugees from Rumania. There had been 450, the others already landed.

May 24. [], first mail from Hilde. Thank God all is well, Transport leader Schmidt tries to visit us again, as so often, but is hindered, by order of our Kommandantur, from

boarding the ship by a [] Grunberg. For this reason, Mosche and his adjutant smuggler are exiled to the Assinei for 3 days. Morale on the ship is bad after three months. Everybody has fleas, and many woman and children have head lice. The only remedy is kerosene, which causes eczema and skin erosion. Daily more rats. Another refugee ship in the harbor, although far away, the "Archeos Nikolaus", with 700 [], but moored for weeks because it fell into the hands of a traitor who assembled the transport and [stole?] the money. Tried unsuccessfully to send a telegram.

May 27. Assinei departs at 0100 in the night. Melancholy feelings. Hope for Palestine. We're still stuck.

June 12. Conditions on the ship are becoming unbearable. Organization of a strike committee, that the Danziger and most of the Betarim allow to become a two day hunger strike. Second letter from Hilde. Am happy again for hours.

June 16. Departure at 1115 for K[ieraesus?] accompanied by a Greek government police boat to make sure we leave [safely?]. A 240 ton motorboat (fishing cutter) was bought in Lavri as a landing craft, and taken under tow. The two rope broke so it had to proceed under its own power, but after a while the engine quit. The boat had to be taken in tow again at sea.

June 19. Along the north coast of K[]. Put unto harbor of Kandia. Repair of the boat.

June 21. Revolt on the ship, because of the unusual delay in the voyage, and, as all believe, because of the careless handling of the question about the motorboat: who profited? I was arrested, with 5 other people, by the Greek harbor police, because of a slander, beaten, and bound [chained?] up with the others imprisoned for a half hour in the coal hold in the bow.

June 24. Departure for Palestine at 10:00.

June 27. 1815 Transfer to the motor boat (fishing cutter) 30 km from the Palestine coast, at which the Betarist "Biggies" carried all [] into their hands and drove the passengers like cattle.

June 28. Arrival at the [] coast of south Gaza at 0500. Trouble with the engine when we were 18km from land. Calm. Under sail at 1 kph. Mosche left the boat in a harbor at dawn with his [mistress?] and confidants. His hangers-on were confused. [] and I went into action. The planned 30 km (approx) trip to Tel Aviv is impossible in view of the hopeless, because of thirst and fatigue, condition of the people. At about 1400 we were 500 meters from shore when English police appeared in a sailboat. Very courteous. Obviously they know about our desperate month-long voyage and troubles since we left the Astir for the motor boat. Got Arabs to help us with leaving the boat. The passengers were robbed. Wristwatches, rings and money, with occasional fights with Arabs. I was protected because I was with Greek sailors in a boat, but watched the Arabs rifle my backpack. The people with their luggage assembled in a barracks on the beach. The people were in danger of their lives by drowning during the debarkation, because boats could not reach the shore because of the strong surf. People were thrown their luggage, which was then retrieved by swimmers, but some was totally lost. At first mine is not there, but it was found, with others, in the night on a []. The outer pockets of the back pack had been rifled (they contained only dirty summer underwear), but all else, particularly my blanket, was there and dry.

June 28/29. Bivouac on the beach in wet sand. My clothes are wet, but luckily I can put on my pajamas that stayed dry. Of course it's freezing in the wet sand. We found sweet water in a hole that we dug by hand, a foot deep and 5 yards from the beach. What a relief after doing without for so long. English [soldiers?] bring water in jerry cans and 80 of them with machine guns watch the camp to guard against hostile Arabs. Sleep next to [] Hofman and his girl friend.

June 29. Transported to a nearby English military base. The English gave us breakfast with wonderful tea and milk and corned beef and cakes. After our long period of shortage and want it tastes like a gift from heaven. Then to a railroad station through hostile Arab villages under military guard with []. An automobile with associates of the commander in it got in an accident in which some were badly hurt and the English escort soldier was killed. Near evening we were unloaded in open country, and then brought to [] in Haifa. Beds and water for the first time. Everything clean. Some of our transport were put up in []. Food wasn't good, but better than on the ship. Food packages, one per day each, were given out by the Histadorth in []. First travel report to Mrs Wolfsdorf(?) [marginal note: Wolfheim?] of the Oleg[z?] Germania. Dictated for two hours.

June 30. Medical examination. Vaccinations against small pox and typhus. The police took photographs and fingerprints. Medical insurance. Free to go into the town after two days. Haifa is very beautiful, with magnificent location on the Bay of [].

July 7. Leave Haifa with many others on a bus, into Beth Olein to Tel Aviv. Visit the dentists Krebs[] Allenby street near the sea.

July 12. Stayed in Beth Olein until today, then drive in the afternoon to Beth-Chanan, where I register with the [] of the village and go to a nearby tent camp. [] consisted of people from Vienna and Czechoslovakia who immigrated in March; these two groups are clearly at odds. My job was to settle disputes and calm these people. The first was unsuccessful. I'm supposed to become their doctor later, when they []. 52 people are accommodated, 2 or 3 to a tent. Field cots with mattresses, lockers made of boards. A communal canteen with kitchen attached, an unfinished luggage room, a big shower separated for men and women. The camp is in the middle of [], against a hillock to the East. I found a letter from Hilde in the post office at Tel Aviv. Now get letters often from Hilde.

July 25. Pleasant mail from Danzig.

August 3. Anglo-Palestine Bank confirmed £P25.

August 5. First letter from the American consul in Jerusalem.

August 26. First mail from Ida.

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August 11. Sent 20 Piasters to the American consul[ate?] in Jerusalem.

August 18. An article by the Revisionists, against me, appeared in the Jadioth Hajan (daily newspaper)

August 25. First mail from Holland

August 22. Because its submittal to the editor was delayed, my reply to the article of

August 22 [sic] will no longer [].

August 25. A [] article from a fellow traveller Heinz Boss [] on "Astir" appears as reply.

September 1. War was declared at 0555 between Germany and Poland. Received by all with relief and confidence. Since then, quiet between Jews and Arabs. The pound falls, the cost of food increases enormously, sometimes by 50%.

September 4. Letter from Peter. Postcard of Sep 1 to Hilde was returned.

September 9. Second letter from American consulate. Write immediately to Leo and Marschall and Haft about papers.

September 10. Cigarettes arrived from Hilde. I had to pick them up in the Tel Aviv post office. Duty is 45 []. Declare myself available to the government as a doctor by way of the emergency committee for doctors.

September 30. The anniversary of the last day of my practice. Day of mourning! (in Germany)

October 2. Picked up baggage in the customs port in Tel Aviv. Long storage because of promise by [] Germania, that they will release the baggage. But no money [][].

October 4. Hilde's letter of August 31 arrived. Airmail

October 8. Mail from Hilde, Peter, and Holland. That evening my tent mate [] Frank was stung by a scorpion. Immediate severe pain at the site of the sting on his foot, and noticeable on his arch. Disorder (tingling and []) of both hands, arms, and lips. Light cramps in his hands. [probably medical shorthand] and alcohol gave relief after about a half hour, and he slept.

October 9. Situation good.

October 12 - 15. in Tel Aviv. Negotiation with Dr [] of the [] about a position as panel doctor. License! Promises a position as assistant after about 3 months with 6£. But this also will be a Palestine promise. Approach the Department of Health in Tel Aviv for a position as government doctor for the Germans in []. Discussion with apothecary Eisenberg (Astir) about a position as detail man for a chemical-pharmaceutical factory to be built by Eisenberg and his [] (Prof. []) in Jerusalem. Eisenberg agrees, full of hope. Decide to drive to Jerusalem within the next few days, to the American consulate and, for a license, to the government. For that I have to show that I studied for 10 semesters. Stay with Schnuer, (at one time [] in Berlin). Was also invited to spend the night of the 14th with Bein, but declined. Condition of the Cha[] is very bad. Of 52 people, 4 are working. It is impossible to adjust to collective life under these circumstances. Get money for the Cha[] to live on from Dr Grolig and Dr Hofman (£P5). (Oleg Czechoslovakia. The female cook stayed.

October 16. Left Mannischswalde one year ago and relocated to Berlin.

October 17. Hilde's letter of September 6 arrived by way of Amsterdam. If only I could be with her. I will try to get her to come here, but only after I have found a position. [] life here is too dismal and bad for her. There it's better, despite everything. In one day, Ischo and I build a trench around []. Dirt full of rocks. [] and back. Bones as if broken.

October 18. Letter to Hilde today. Tell her of my ideas of October 17. [] to Holland. Send back to me from there.

October 19. Chamsim. The sky became dark in an instant. Storm. Unbearable heat. Body covered with sweat, [...]. Air full of dust. No rain! Cooled off in the evening with a cool breeze from the West, while the Chamsim itself is an East wind from the desert.

October 20. Letter arrived from Peter. He goes to school again. Happy that the boy is doing well, that he feels good, and that he writes nothing of home sickness. But I miss the boy more as our separation gets longer.

October 22-23. In Tel Aviv, in order to find out from Eisenberg how it's going with my employment. Didn't meet him. Fill out another form at the District Office to apply for English service. Not much chance. Histadruth harovin[] won't certify me as member, because illegal have no chance in Jerusalem, and refers me for support to Rechoboth, as an affiliated institution. That evening a "Astir Ball" on shore, with Rab[] and his accordion. No mood to dance much. In the afternoon meet Steinberg, once from Gera, ashore for a cup of coffee; he gives me the address of Herb. Li[]mann, and I call him right away, and meet him at the entrance of his apartment. Joy of seeing each other again is [] great.

October 24. Today I went to Rechoboth (laboratory of Dr. Weizmann) near [] []. After the meeting on the 20th, I am to get the result on the 27th. Dr. Moses gives little hope of support, and less for work.

October 25. Letters to Ida, Leo, Marshall and Haft. Ask them urgently for immigration documents except for affidavit.

October 27. In Rechoboth with Dr. Moses. Gives me hope for support. See him again on November 10. Drive from here to Tel Aviv.

October 28. Consult with Loewenbach about his matter in Jerusalem.

October 29. Drive in a bus to Jerusalem from Tel Aviv. Climb to the 800 meters above sea level city over a bleak sea of stones and cliffs. Not a single shrub, almost no []. Cliffs and stones, stones. Consult with Eisenberg. Look at the old city, and the wailing wall that is continuously guarded by an English policeman. Saw Jews in prayer, which doesn't stop them, immediately after praying to beg for bakshish. Overcome by the magnitude of the historical events at this place, I decline to give anything. Narrow streets, clean and electrically lighted. The Jaffa Gate is guarded by English, and [] by cavalry standing ready. The new city is attractive, with particularly beautiful buildings [()] and the residential quarter Rechovia. Write card to Hilde. Sleep and eat at Eisenberg's.

October 30. Consultation with Bbr (docent) Kleeberg (Hadassah) about Loewenbach's matter. I arrive at the American consulate early, and learn to my delight that American papers are in order, needing only 4 passport photos, 1 certificate of good conduct, 1 birth certificate, and notarized copies thereof.

October 31. Went to the Gov. of Health unnecessarily, because I have no permanent permission to be in the country. Illegal, illegal say all the offices. Card to Hilde, mailed in Tel Aviv.

November 1. Consult with Loewenbach in his laboratory. Come back in three weeks.

First he wants to enlarge his chemical laboratory and then later he'll produce pharmaceuticals. When will I finally find work!? Drive back to Beth Chanan disappointed and without hope. Consoled by a letter from Hilde. Thank God she's doing well. But how [] may this good person be! Sometimes I want to hurry to her. It's awful that we have to live apart this way. Chavura is coming apart. The young Czechs have joined Irgun, and the Austrians have relocated to []. Hopeless picture! I am outside Irgun with various other older people. As of tomorrow I'll be eating with Loeb, a German settler in the neighborhood. A splendid man, who used to live in [] near Kassel, and who has been here since 1936. His house is managed by a Mrs. Laura Seemann.

November 2. Letter to Hilde. Tell her that the American consul here can only deal with me, and that I would have to immigrate to America before she can follow me. Ask her again to send in our []. [] notice unknown. Letters to both Haft and Lodenheimer asking for fare. If I receive it I'll get 25£ for \$190, as against 49.5£ = \$125 before the war. Letter from Hilde. Poor lady! Postcard to Leo, asking him for support with my plea to Haft and Marshall.

November 3. Transcribed my previous diary entries in this booklet.

November 4. End of the work.

November 6. Tel Aviv. Take care of personal papers for the USA consul. Notarize my birth certificate (35 piaster) 4 passport photos (6 piaster) and mail registered to the American consul (2.1 piaster). Did not talk to Dr Groliy about further measures to be undertaken. Next Wednesday. How the [] Pound shrinks!!

November 9. Letter from Gerard.

November 10. Went to Rechoboth for support from the Hist. H[], after being told by colleagues of Mosad that there are favorable prospects. He gave me a letter for Hist Harovim in Tel Aviv, personally for colleague Ben Zion. There is going to be money put aside to support needy doctors by Wad Lennin (national advisor.) Here I also negotiated with a gynecologist Dr. Levinsohn for a position as house doctor in a clinic that has been empty for a half year. Dr. L promised me a position if he is successful in taking over and opening this clinic not as just a delivery home but as a general hospital. Walk to [] and back. Upon my return I found a letter from the American Consulate and decide to drive to Tel Aviv and Jerusalem on Sunday in order to pursue the matters of support and the American consul. Immediately send airmail letters to Hilde and Haft. If I get support I'll move to Tel Aviv.

(November 11. Received 15 Piasters for Schlomo from one of his students (a blonde boy.))

November 12. Travel to Tel Aviv. [] with the leader of the Hist Harovim about support. He agrees to 10 Piasters per week, with a 5 week advance, so 40 Piasters per month.

November 13. At 0700 travel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, arrive at 0845 and go directly to the American Consulate. Horrifyingly many people. Cause: Human and economic conditions in Palestine. Everybody who can wants out. Consul lets me know that I need a "Laissez passer", because my passport will not be valid much longer (6 months after [] receipt) and that I have to get my slander witness endorsed by the competent Division Headquarters. " " is supposed to be in [] for []. The American consul told me that I don't need the endorsement of the Spanish consul as representative of the German [] to apply for my "Laissez passer". Two hours later back in Tel Aviv.

November 14. The Migration Office gives me an application, that is to be signed by 2 doctors {Dr. [] and Dr. [] in Tel Aviv,) whom are known to me, attesting to my person, and for which I need 2 passport photos, similarly attested to by them. Get the photos taken and get the 4 prints at 6 that evening (4 Piaster). At the Migration Office they tell me that I do need a certificate from the Spanish consul, that they will not extend my passport, or issue a new one. In addition, I need a certificate from the American consulate that I'll get a visa soon.

November 15. Leave at 0700 for Jerusalem again, arrive at 0830. Walk first to the Spanish consulate, where I learn that a man who used to be at the German consulate

works here. They start work at 0900, but it's 0930 before this man, from [], Frolichmann, arrives. He makes note of the case, and asks me to come back at 1100 and pick up the certificate. Quickly back to the American consulate, up and down the hilly streets. Hot as a summer day in Germany. Wet with sweat. The line moves fast, and a [female] clerk gives me the certificate that will get me the visa soon. I ask them to send the papers to Germany as soon as possible, because of the present danger to Hilde -- they promise -- and for this purpose I buy 5 international reply coupons (125 Mil). This is not supposed to delay my [identity] documents. I'm supposed to get my visa soon, just get my papers in order quickly. At 1200 I'm back at the German consulate, where I get my certificates, and travel immediately to Ramle, where I can lay over only by surrendering the return part of my ticket from Ramle. In Ramle I'm told that the Beth Chanan. does not belong to Ramle but to Rechoboth. The English at the police station are happy and ready to help. Get a ride on a truck to Tel Aviv, where I arrive at about 2 o'clock. November 16. At the Migration Office at 0800 with the desired papers.

- 1) Laissez passer filled out and certified as [].
- 2) 4 passport photos certified as [].
- 3) Certificate from the American consulate.
- 4) Certificate from the Spanish consulate.

The papers were found in order in an anteroom, where I am sent with the [] to an inspector. He checks everything exactly again, confirms height, eye- and hair-color, and demands a [] fee of £P2, that I don't have, and that can be waived if I get can get the mayor of Beth Chanan to certify that I have no money, that I'm supported by the [], and that Haft will send me the ship fare. Then the papers go to another room, where they are checked again and and inspector says that the first one [inspector] wants me to know that I can have the Laissez passer if the American consul states that I can have the visa immediately. At 1200, after 4 hours in the place, I can leave. Travel immediately to Rechoboth to the police, for the purpose of certifying my 'paper of good character' [written in English]. The corporal asked: legally or illegally in the country? When I answer "illegal" he says "You will be executed" [in English in the original]. I think the sky has crashed on me, but quickly contain myself and tell him that I landed at [] near Gaza, was arrested by the English and sent to Beth Ol[] in Haifa as [][]. He completed my application with the remark that the papers will be sent this week to the American consulate in Jerusalem. Relieved I return to Beth Chanan. There I find a letter from Hilde about Mrs. Winter and a letter from Mr. Boden[]. How happy I am that this brave guy is finally doing well. If we could just quickly get out of here. I write to Hilde immediately, and appraise her of everything, so that she can use it if she needs to. Also write a thank you card to Mrs. Winter. Tomorrow morning at 0800 it's immediately to the mayor to get a waiver for the £P2, and also write immediately to the American consul and to Haft for the ship fare, O if only he sends it. Slept that night with Scheuer on a [] on the floor, covered with my raincoat. How happy I am with my field cot in the tent. How modest has one become. and how undemanding. Will I stay in Beth Chanan until I leave, to save money? However, it is no longer bearable there since the parents Lat[] left for the Czechoslovak Levigium (November 10). The youths in Irgun are just too hostile under the influence of Ben Zion a miserable [Pola?] who has big influence with Dr. Gorlik (how unusual!) A [] lad! Worse than a Nazi leader!

November 17. Letter to Haft and Marshall. The mayor has certified that I have no money and that I am being supported. Letter to the American consul asking:

1) Let me know immediately when I can get the visa.

2) Request again to send our papers to Berlin, with the note that Hilde will be immediately told when they arrive.

Sent off the Mayor's certificate, that no money and supported, to the Migration Office. That evening eat the first new potatoes with Loeb. That mid November cows are fed oranges!

November 20. Letter from Hilde about Lodenheimer. How the poor woman must worry. I hope the letter of the 16th will soon bring her relief and quiet. O, how she deludes herself! To stay in Palestine with the economic conditions and the people! It becomes clearer every day that Israel is run by the worst kind of Polish Jew. My previous misgivings and aversions are shown to be correct. Went to the Lischka about support. Nothing there. Come back tomorrow.

November 21. Again walk a half hour through ankle deep sand to [] Ziona. Again without success. Had supper that evening with Dr. Schmugler, a very nice colleague who previously lived in Berlin. He gave me the address of his brother-in-law in NY.

November 22. With the Lischka in New Ziona again. Money will come tomorrow. Shit administration. On the way back I watch a [] orange packing operation. Sorting on a conveyor belt. A lot of nimble work everywhere. A letter arrives at lunch from the American consul. How happy I am to be able to give Hilde the news immediately. But alas, I have to hold out for 3 months. Will my remaining money be enough? Save money, save money!!!

November 23. Today I got money (25 Piaster) at Histadruth. I reminded the police in Rechoboth to send off my libel suit, and determined that it has already been sent to Jersulam. Because of my Laissez Passer or my application to waive the fee I get a letter from the Migration Office in Tel Aviv [what follows is in English] "that the following particulars be furnished

1) Nature of the application No. Ta/30/39

2) place and date of submission of application. Alternatively M. Hirsch is requested to call at this office for an interview with the registrar." [end of English text] Signed [].

I'll go there on Monday if I'm not busy.

November 27. Went to the Migration office as requested. They have evidently lost my application for the waiver of the £P2. Submit the application again, and I'm supposed to get it soon. The inspector in the passport division advised me to wait until the end of January 1940 before submitting the applicaiton for the Laissez Passer, because it may be that the L.P. is valid only for three months. I get it. He believes I will have to pay the £P2. [Something about an inspector and an interview].

Mail from "His Majesty's Medical Services". I have no doubt what I have to do.

Kind [advantageous?] and gratifying letter from Ida. I'll let Hilde know about it immediately.

Mail from my friend Schlomoh Rosenschein. All will done.

November 28. Letter to Hilde about [] and to Ida. Ask Hilde to write me if she can, and advise her again to get here by way of Trieste and [Cyprus?] if she can. Ask Ida for

8+15\$ for travel document and visum, and for earliest news about whether Haft will send the ticket.

November 29. I start work in the orange harvest, because of a conversation with Mr. Zwik, a nice and personable old man in the [] Walkenberg (an exception to the other Polish Jews here.) Work starts at 0700 in a gang led by a genuine [] (worker), with old pants, old coat, my worst shoes, and my lunch bag hung around my neck. The first day we cut only from the ground. A half hour lunch break at 1200, then back to work until 4 o'clock. I'm not used to the physical work, in the evening I'm beat and can hardly move a limb. [] sleep. I wish Hilde could see me there, in this condition and dress. She would be horrified.

Letter from Bodenheimer, [], can hardly expect otherwise.

November 30. Second work day. It's becoming easier. Essen delivers the fare. Write to him again. Loeb sufficient with.

December 1. Start work at 0700. Today it's moving the full crates of oranges. Loading the trucks on which the crates are driven to Beth Arioa [] [Marginal note: 2 men!!] Until then [] which is therefore not so hard, but backwards is miserable work, which exhausts me and forces me at 1100 to switch to orange cutting. This is from a ladder for about the first hour, then from the ground. Because it's Friday, we quit at 3 o'clock. Today I'm the only one of the Chevora at work and they call me a nasty[?] "tailor". In the [] Walkenberg I met a relative of the owner, who used to live in Mannheim and very much looks forward to the day when he can possibly go back.

December 2. Pay my account with Loeb, pay him 1.610LP for 23 days, that is 7 Piaster = 1.40 RM [Reichsmark?] for a whole day. No work tomorrow.

Write to America, send [] to Hilde, to warn her about Lublin.

December 3-6. Wish longingly that Hilde got my letters of November 18 and 22, by way of B[], that she's well and has calmed down a bit. Has she been to the American consul and received good information? If only one knew everything! I'm very uneasy, because last letter from Hilde was dated October 26. What's going to happen? Also Peter doesn't write, and Amsterdam as little. I'll wait a few days and write to Hilde again and also to Peter if meanwhile nothing has arrived from them. No work since December 2, live like a hermit []. Eat, sleep, and study what I can. Loeb lends me a blanket because of the cold at night in the tent. Wonderful! Now I no longer need to wrap myself in a pile of clothes. Because of my urge to save money, my torn socks are a problem. About 4 o'clock with Loeb to the "Bizar", a piece of low ground with terribly black soil, evidently a mold, that extends almost to the sea. About 2 of the [] lots[?] have been made arable, because of a completely wrong land policy that lets anyone who wants plant something for a year, and then it is left fallow again. The land is property of the Keren Kahlmed, and is administered by the M[] (community). Conditions like those at now at the [] settlement, but even worse. Loeb wants to plant wheat, that will be cut green just before it flowers, dried, and fed to animals as 'Chazir' (substitute for hay). In addition, one can see there lots of vegetables such as [], [], cauliflower (gigantically large), and clover, that can be cut 6 times. Tomatos and more tomatos. All the trees are tiny, and only eucalyptus that uses lots of water and keeps the soil dry. --- Sorrowful anticipatory feelings about my birthday [12/10] that I have to spend alone and so far from my loved ones, without knowing how they are. Hopefully, hopefully, well. A torch light procession at the school today because

of Chanukah. An event in this [] desert. Yesterday I went to the Lischka about support, but the accounts are empty. Sad, hopeless conditions. Whenever will the day of release come, and my reunion with Hilde!! I count the weeks!!

December 7. Hilde's letters of November 1 and October 16 arrive. The poor woman believes, in addition to her other sorrows, that I'm not doing anything, and that makes me want to tear down the world and to smash the Nazis, to get to the goal as quickly as possible. No work today. Lischka will disburse support this evening. Immediately a letter to Hilde via Amsterdam.

December 8. Work at Wolkenberg.

December 10. No work. So I went with some Chawerim to the [] work place toward Rischon le Zion, where the Histadonth have picket lines that are supposed to hinder the Betarim from working. Continuation: A road is to be built from Rischon le Zion by way of Nataim to Ham, where there is to be English government airport. The government contracted the work to a Jewish contractor who for reasons of profit employed Betarim who, because they were starving (they look like it) will work for 15 Piasters a day, while the Histadonth want 20 Piasters a day and some of their own people to be brought in. After yesterday's fights, the Betarim are working today under the protection of English military and Jewish police. But this protection costs the Betarim money. On the way home I detoured over the sand dunes, that gave me a glance into the hopelessness and [] of the []. The sand is fine as dust, and the wind stirs it up so that one can see only as through a veil. Eucalytus trees are buried up to the beginning of their crowns. The dunes [] and threaten to bury everything in sand. This is the way I spent my birthday. After the return I washed my [], and hung them at Loeb's to dry, which happened quickly in the sun and wind. I ironed them before my mid day nap, which was especially good today because of the walk over the dunes, after []. Mail at 1600: a card from Schlomo in Marseilles, and a letter from the Hitacheluth[?] Oley Germania, written on Dec 7 and mailed only today even though it concerned the telegrams []. I'm uncertain whether the telegram, sent on November 30, is a reaction to the papers which may have already arrived in Berlin, or whether Hilde, completely without hope or ideas, had decided to let the telegram be sent. Whatever, I'll go to Jerusalem at 6 tomorrow to arrange that Hilde can get her visum from the American consul in Berlin without me.

December 11. Leave B. Chanan at 0600 by bus via Tel Aviv for Jerusalem, arriving at 0930 at the American consulate. In the waiting room I conversed in English with the adjutant, and get taken care of so quickly that I can leave Jerusalem at 1030 and arrive in Tel Aviv at 1200. A woman at the American consulate is most friendly and helpful. She assured me that papers for Hilde were sent, by way of [], to the American consulate in Berlin on November 16, and that a visum has been approved for her, and for me, and that I'll get it in four weeks. To get the visum approved I need the Laissez passer (the approval depends on it.) Met Werber at the consulate. At midday in the cafe "Atera" I met a man from Czechoslovakia, who wants to give me a representation for [] (little baskets) for America. Makes me think of Ludwig. Allow the telegram to be given to me at the Oley Germania.

December 12. At the Migrati0on office before 0800 to take care of the Laissez passer. The unfriendly official wants the information that I have from the American consul in writing. I intend to get the information from the American consul in writing, but at home

there's a letter from the American consul, that I can get the visum immediately after they get the travelling documents, and another letter from the Migration Office with questions, of which 1) I don't understand (does it have to do with the letter from the Spanish consulate?) and 2) is clear. The official says this matter is to cost me 25 Piasters. I can leave the Migration Office again before 1100. At Hist. [] I get support until the end of the month of 40 Piasters, as of January 1, 1940 I have to get this from Rechoboth. Tired out, I start on my way home at 1600, and go to bed at 7 o'clock.

December 13. Breakfast with Loeb, then immediately start writing down what happened on the 11th and 12th. Now after clearer sight of the material an immediate airmail letter to Hilde via Bodenheimer, and a letter to my parents, asking them to get a ticket for me from HJCM.

December 14. At the Migration Office at 0730, and they keep me waiting for 4 hours until 1130. They take note of the statement from the American consulate that I'll get the visum immediately after I get the Laissez passer, and they take me to the [] to issue the Laissez passer. It will take 14 days, because my request for a waiver of the fee has to go by way of Jerusalem. At 1 o'clock at Dr. Grolig at Oley Germania. He gives as excuse for sending the telegram so very late, that he thought I had left Beth Chanan and had tried to get my new address from a KC [Kartel Convent, his student fraternity] brother. At 1200 ordered by a [] of the Irgun (Leufer) to leave my tent, because new Olim are to be arriving today, Friday. I talked this over with Dr. Grolig. He thought that I should no longer impose on the hospitality of the Irgun, and to leave. I tell him that I have no interest in running around Tel Aviv unemployed, and that I want to stay in Beth Chanan, if only to be able to earn a few Piasters in the bazaar[?]. He advised me to get a small apartment in Beth Chanan, and I agreed if a small apartment becomes available and he promises to give me the rent for the first two months. After reaching a clear understanding that, as a minimum of what can be asked, I'll stay in the tent, we agree that he will arrange with the KC in Tel Aviv that I get accomodation until my departure [from Palestine]. It speaks again of the [] and lack of scruples of the organizations, that the same Dr. Grolig, who at first almost pushed me on to the high track[?] in Beth Chanan, today wants to put me on the street. No consideration, and wretched, worse than in Naziland. So one is oneself forced to be inconsiderate, and without any [] and [] sense of honor. That's Jewish "education". How is one to [] for this in the USA, when one wants to be honorable with the world?

December 16. I was invited to Zwig, for whom I worked a few days in the bazaar[?], for sabbath afternoon coffee.

December 17. Fight between people of the Histadoth and the Revisionists, who, because they are starving, are willing to work for 15 Piasters/day. Some of ours were wounded.

A letter from Richard [brother] arrived in the afternoon. The first sign of him personally since I left Berlin. Father is in the hospital in Darmstadt. I will never see the old man again, dead or alive. All on the account of the enemy of all decent people: Hitler. O he must govern miserably. Write to Richard right away.

December 19. Evening with Dr. Schmigler.

December 21. Last night, because of a [], I slept terribly badly. Early to the bazaar at Wolkenberg, in the evening I was paid 40 Piasters. There's a letter from Hilde, by way of Bodz[?] who rings[?] thank God more carefully. How happy I am that she still has the

courage to walk to Flipe[?] street. Those poor people can't go out in the street at night. When will these miserable youth gangs []? Well, the world gets close to the goal every day. It's only sad that one must watch impotently, as this scoundrel destroys everything that is good and decent in Germany. His end, his end!!

December 24. A letter from Hilde via Amsterdam, that, although it crossed with the letter of November 29, still moves me unpleasantly, because Hilde, the fool, believes me to be so inactive and wants me to prove my love with action. Well, in the meantime she will be convinced of the opposite and have the visum in her hands.

A letter to my parents is returned, because "it is not allowed to enclose a postcard to Germany." It was written on the December 13, postmarked in Tel Aviv on the 14th, censored on the 22nd and returned on the 24th -- and that was airmail! No wonder the mail takes so long! This cost me 2.5 Piasters. Couldn't they have destroyed the enclosed card? But the bureaucratic pony is thoroughly ridden here too. But the contents of the letter are actually no great loss, because the last letter to Richard had about the same contents.

December 25. In Tel Aviv to post a letter to Leo [Espress ala Littoria] via Lisbon American Clipper. That's the quickest way, takes 6 days, and costs 12.5 Piaster. Inform Leo that I'll get the visum in a few days, and ask him to get Haft to send me the ticket (or money) as quickly as possible, so that I can leave on January 15, 1940 on the Greek steamer [] Hellas from Piraeus. The company representative of the line is: ALLALOUT and Co., Tel Aviv, Alleny Street 125. Otherwise I have to wait until around the end of February, losing valuable time. I'll write Haft a similar letter after I get the visum. A telegram is impossible within my funds. A NLT costs 1.250LP and a normally 6.3 Piasters per word, the telegram 1.1LP [sic] all together. Back at [1]730, there was a letter from Flatau[] who left Berlin on December 17. By then Hilde must have had her visum or a notice from the American consul. In order to assure[?] myself of this, I write a letter to Fl. and promise them that naturally I will visit her upon my departure.

December 26. Get 15 Piasters from Histadoth. This was at first denied me, because Laufer stated to the Misrath that I got money from America. I'll pay him back for this lie tomorrow. Nasty [].

December 27. A letter arrives from Siegf. Brandt, the brother of our friend Miss Brandt in Berlin. He asks about the valuables that Miss Brandt gave Trude to take with her at that time. I'll take care of the matter as best I can from here, in the next mail to Holland.

December 28. A card from a Mr. M. Loeb from Haifa. He speaks of relatives in Zwolle, and wants to be assured of the correctness of my address. Ask for disclosure about his person and his relatives in Zwolle. The Laissez passer hasn't arrived, despite the alleged 14 day waiting period. I'll give them until January 2, 1940, and then go to the Migration Office. Even if everything works out, I'll hardly be able to leave on January 15. Loss of 1 1/2 months valuable time, Peter still hasn't written! Mother's communication that he has written is somewhat reassuring. Still waiting for Hilde's birthday letter of November 29 via Holland, and for the papers in it. Is the cost of applying for the waiver of the 2LP at the Migration Office too much, even assuming it's approved?

December 29. After 2 weeks, just as the official from the Migration Office promised, there's a letter asking me to appear at the Migration Office. Because this coming Monday January 1 is a holiday, I have to wait until Tuesday January 2. Even if all goes well there,

and I'm called as soon as possible to the American consul for the visum, I doubt seriously that I'll be able to leave on January 15. It will happen that I have to wait until the end of February, exactly a year since I left Germany, to continue my voyage to the USA. One would almost believe that everything in life evolves according to some law. It's only a shame to have lost 1 1/2 months, that will cost me here a significant part of my reduced funds, while over there I could have already studied a lot for the language exam.

Decide not to send this letter {67} because of its sharpness. But doesn't it show to [] how heartless and mean the Jews here are. There is no doubt that behind this is the influence of a certain Ben Zion, a raw, uneducated, and self serving Polish Jew, who already has a lot of hurt and misery of refugees on his conscience, if one can speak at all of the conscience of this parasite. He is the incarnation of everything shameful and mean, as can be met here [][]. And, they are trying to build a state with such people. If that were to succeed, he would also look like that. Corruption and protection from top to bottom, and a blossoming Polish [] economy. This is recognized, however, because people speak of "Jewish antisemitism", that God knows is sometimes justified, and is certainly only represented by the decent people. Do people in the USA know of this?!

1940

January 1. Last night I went to bed at 9 o'clock and read until 11 o'clock a book by Benterick[?] "England and the English" about their position with respect to the Palestine question (home land). Very informative with respect to judging the English character and essence as result of their centuries long traditions and education. Fundamental principle: "self control and correct appearance", and in politics: "a bamboo switch is harder than iron". --- Nowhere, it's easy to see, also [][]. Today is a workday like all others, but no work. Sad. Disconsolate. Think of my loved ones in Europe and America, and in this mood I made a "Mail balance sheet" [...] that shows I received 34 pieces and sent 33 since the beginning of my record keeping. I spent about 60 Piasters on postage until today, not counting airmail and other extra charges. A stormy, dismal rainy day. It's cold, and my legs froze while sitting.

January 2. Go to Tel Aviv in response to the letter of December 29 from the Migration Office. I have to pay the LP2.40, a huge amount for me that I can only spare with great difficulty, neither begging nor reason helped, and then I'll get the Laissez passer within a week. After this I immediately sent an Express Letter to Haft and Marshall, with Ala Littoria airways, that cost 0.125LP or about 2.5RM in German money. But it has to be done. I hope it will succeed. Still no answer from H[aft?] and M[arshall?] to my letters of November 2 and 18.

January 3. Bazaar at Loeb's. Mr Loeb from Haifa presents his business card on January 3 and promises sausage. Who gave him the commission, my parents or Richard? Well, I'll send my parents a card today as a replacement for the letter of December 14 that was returned, and ask them to thank Richard also. According to the letter from Flirt[] it appears that Hilde, upon their departure, got [][] from the consul. According to Hilde, the Danziger consulate was closed. That's not surprising.

A touching letter from Hilde. O, how I'd like to feel her kiss and give her many in return. But alas I have to wait for that, and then wait some more. That's almost no longer hard, after all the time in which one has learned to wait (also a [] of []). Unfortunately I can't travel to Flat[] because of financial reasons. Again that means waiting for departure. And

how much I'd like to converse with him about everything. I'm happy that my darling has the inclination and mood to visit [][]. I hope she actually did it. But why doesn't Peter write at all? Is he just too lazy to write? I hope it [].

January 4. Bazaar at Wolkenberg's. One gets terribly tired from picking oranges on a ladder all day, but one is happy to make some money, and to be able to [...] with it.

Leaden sleep that night.

January 5. Bazaar at Wolkenberg's. Lots of mail today: 1) A [packet card] for the sausage that I have to pick up in Tel Aviv. I am curious about the quality, and of course enormously happy with it. It is a "eatable" greeting from my loved ones, and makes me feel that I am not totally abandoned. 2) A notice for a registered letter, of which I don't yet know whether it is the Laissez passer, or papers sent by Hilde from Holland. 3) A darling letter from Hilde, in which she acknowledges receipt of my letter of November 22 in which I wrote that the consul told me that I have to wait 2 or 3 months for the visum. Well, in the meantime she will have received the next letter, and been happily surprised. The dumb little person seems to be torturing herself with the idea that I am having love affairs here. I will honestly acknowledge that I would like to have a woman, but I don't want to get to deep feelings with any of the women here, let alone more than that. Of course she doesn't know that I'm living in a Bulgarian colony, whose women, let alone that there is no chance of understanding, are camels without any feminine charm. No, my child, you can and should sleep peacefully about this. And when I have to go to Tel Aviv, I'm there for only one day. I will immediately take care of the enclosed letter for [] on my next visit to Tel Aviv.

January 7. Bazaar at Wolkenberg's. Register coupon for the letter to my parents.

January 8. Today at 0600 to Tel Aviv, to pick up the registered mail, that I can get only at 1100 instead of 0800. The coupons are supposed to be stamped at Wad Beth Chanan for the purpose of proving the quantity. I do finally get the letter after a lot of back and forth, and immediately send the Laissez passer to the American consul in Jerusalem by registered mail, finalize the letter to Hilde and a card to my parents, and send these also. I didn't get to see the [Beins?] and so I put the letter from Mrs Bein with its personal contents in their mail box. I was there twice, at 0900 and 1200 and on top of that I let the matter cost me 2 Piasters and because of it I missed a half day's work.

January 9. No bazaar today because of rain. Use the day to bring order to my diary and my papers.

January 10. Bazaar

January 11. Bazaar.

January 12. Bazaar. It was cold in the morning, with a strong wind, so that work could only begin at 1030, but then it warmed up quickly in the sun, like on a summer day in Germany. Because I already belong to the steady workers at Wolkenberg's, I'll go to the Katif again on Sunday, whereas tomorrow on the sabbath I have to accept an urgent invitation from Mr. W. at Nes Cyona. My dirty underwear is piling up, almost to the point of being unhealthy, because of my severe frugality, and I don't get to washing it - that was supposed to be my work on sabbath afternoon. I'll shower at about noon tomorrow, because then the water will be almsot warm.

January 13. On the sabbath: wash 8 handkerchiefs, some socks and a 2 towels in water so cold that, despite the exercise, my hands got stiff. After the meal a glorious shower in just bearably cold water.

January 14. Express letter from the American consulate, with which I am ordered to come on January 15 to a medical exam and to get my visum. So this afternoon I went to Tel Aviv, in order to : 1) borrow LP3.- for the fees for the exam and the visum; 2) be able to appear early at the consulate on the 15th. Land trusts me enough to lend me the LP3, because I can't get to the [] any more. I had dinner with the Beins, but left already at 10 o'clock in order to have slept at least somewhat enough when I get up early. But my host [] dragged me off to a pleasant, comfortable bar, where we stayed (he ordered whiskey and soda, I ordered iced peppermint liquor) until midnight and then, hungry, we had a midnight snack. So we got to bed at 0130, and then at 0600 it was get up- that is, up off the floor. I slept warm and well under a quilt borrowed from Mrs. Land. God, how undemanding one has become, to be able to sleep [] well on the floor.

January 15. Punctually at 0700 by bus to Jerusalem. The round trip fare has become less expensive, from 19 to 16 Piasters. I noticed that the bus driver had repeated difficulty shifting gears. About 10 km from Jerusalem, at a sharp curve, the driver tries to shift down from 3rd to 2d gear in order to use the braking power. That doesn't succeed and the vehicle starts rolling, the brakes don't hold, and it's only through the presence of mind of the driver that he was able to steer the vehicle on to a narrow strip of dirt on the edge of a hill. There was a steep cliff about 8 meters away, that would have been certain death for all the occupants. A police car arrived soon, in which an Arab police sergeant took me alone to Jerusalem, and I was able to get the American consulate only a quarter hour late. After taking care of personal questions and after being sworn I drove in a rental car with a [] and 2 []s to the medical examination by Dr Neuman and Dr ? the eye specialist (an English doctor) at St. John's Ophthalmic Hospital. The exams were conducted very []; very pleasant for me, because I was able to deliver the papers in less than an hour. The doctors waived their fee because I am a colleague, and so I saved LP1.- Very pleasant indeed! I'm supposed to pick up the visum the next day, but, in order to save the cost of staying in Jerusalem overnight and missing a day's work, they allowed me to mail the fee for the visum for which I deposit 25.2 Piasters, and then they'll mail the visum to me. Also went to say goodbye to Dr Wittkowsky, who I found in bed with "nerve pain" because of many disappointments and embitterments, then at 3 o'clock start an uneventful trip back. That evening I was with Schorr[?] and his woman friend (a Mrs. Dr. so-and-so, a one time KC member) until 11 o'clock.

January 16. I forgot to deposit 2.5LP in the bank before I left Tel Aviv for Beth Chanan, so I have to go there again in the morning. Enquire at the post office about the cost of telegram to Switzerland. Each word costs 4 Piasters, so the 6 words: "Bod. Bas. Marschstr 45 got visa" will be 24 Piasters. Despite my severe shortage of money, I'll send the telegram to Hilde if I don't get notified in the next few days that she has received her visum. The hurry was not necessary. No Katif.

January 17. Katif from 8 o'clock to 4:30. Letter from Hilde.

January 18. Katif. Write Hilde that my visum was granted on the 15th, and let her know that I will ask the American consul for the notice of her visum and send it to her most quickly. Ask for the address of Pekco, Wiesbaden, Theo Zam[?] and Bucky[?], in order

to make use of them if needed for passage. I make enquiries about Peter's well being and whereabouts with Mr. Loeb's niece, Mrs. Margareth Goldschmidt c/o Sycamore Grange, Tweltwell Bradway near Sheffield. I cannot imagine what is going on with the boy. If only he's healthy. This situation causes me to decide, in order to avoid severe uneasiness about the child, nevertheless to take him to the USA as quickly as possible. Hilde's life style makes me very uneasy. How stupid it is to try to narcotize the trouble and sorrow of this time with alcohol and nicotine, instead of keeping herself healthy and resistant for the coming time that will not demand less nerve and health. I do have to write this to her, in all understanding of her situation. I also have the distinct feeling that this long separation has brought us significantly closer, through the knowledge of what we give and mean to each other; or expressed better negatively, what we have to give up for each other. I'm happy to hear that Heinrich Ha arrived safely in Shanghai, and to hear that KC members from London gave him money for his [], renews ones trust in the friends of earlier, better days. Today I'm dog tired, and go to bed at 6:30, read until 8, and sleep until around 7, to get to work well rested. But one lives like an animal; the purpose of life is only work, eating, sleep, without any company or pleasure, which last comes only from good mail.

January 19. Katif. Doesn't start until 10, because of severe thaw. Until then I bring to paper my notes of the 18th.

January 21. Katif. Beginning only at 12 o'clock, because of yesterdays rain and absolute calm wind at night and this morning. No mail from the USA, none from the American consul, and nothing from the boy. On the next free market day, I will ask the Rechoboth police to make enquiries about him, if by then there is still no mail from him. Read about Sanderman[?], the "merry professor" that I like a lot and who brings some liveliness into this "spiritual desert". Hands and arm totally [] from [].

January 22, Katif. No mail

January 23. Katif. No mail

January 24. Katif. No mail. I'll wait a few more days; if until then the consul has not sent the visum, and no notice has arrived from America, I'll pick up the visum in Jerusalem and [] the voyage from here. If necessary, I'll ship on an American []steamer, that is expected to be at sea for 4 weeks.

January 25. Katif.

January 26. Katif, at Loeb's.

January 27. Katif, only a half day because of rain.

January 28. Letter from Hilde. Thoughts of the boy torture me day and night. What is the lad doing? Is it only lazyness and childish forgetfulness? That's hardly to be thought possible. Decide to go to Jerusalem tomorrow if there's no mail today.

January 29. Early at 6 o'clock, with lightning, thunder, and almost tropical downpour, by way of Tel Aviv (to deposit LP3 at the bank) to Jerusalem, where I arrived at 1030. I am surprised to hear from the young woman at the American consulate that only 9 numbers have been received from the USA, and that none is there for me. I am very surprised, because they told me, at the interview on the 15th, that I could pick up the visum on the 16th. See the entry for January 15. There must have been some sort of fiddle.

Unfortunately I don't know the family in Tel Aviv, who were informed at the same time I was, otherwise I could ask them whether they got their visum. I'm to get my visum in February and be notified. The confirmation that I received the visum is denied, the letter

that requested me to come to the interview {80} is to suffice for the consul in Berlin. Actually the delay doesn't hit me hard because first of all I have yet no ticket and the ship doesn't leave until March 15. At 1:30 I'm back in Tel Aviv, get the letter {80} copied and send the original immediately to Hilde by KLM airmail. Cost: 4 Piasters. If it is any use to Hilde at all, then spending all that money will not have been in vain. According to my information from the travel agent, there is not much difference in the fares of different steamers, but now I can do nothing until I have first the visum and then news (something has to arrive) from America.

January 30. Rain, nothing but rain. Work in [] is impossible. Read the "Palestine Post" to improve my knowledge of English. Write a wailing letter to Ida, if that doesn't work then I don't know whether my relatives are human or inhuman. Point out Hilde's situation explicitly.

January 31. Now even from Hilde no mail for 14 days. How hopeless and bleak life is. It is desperate, and only worth throwing away if the ties to wife and child and the responsibility to them and for them were not present. Yes, the child! Is he alive, is he healthy? Alas, to have no one to talk to. Everybody here has enough to do for themselves, and knows only their own interests. When will this tormenting situation end? Will February bring release? And if not, what then?

February 2. Katif. Wolkenberg.

February 3. Write to Scherbel and Mazur to enquire about Peter, and ask both to help me get money for the voyage to USA. Hopefully with success. -- Beautiful weather. After 14 days finally warm enough for a shower. It was necessary too.

February 4. Katif. Tired and full of hope to get mail today. But what disappointment. Nothing from Peter, nothing from Hilde or the USA. It brings me completely to despair. What can be the matter, that I have nothing from Hilde for 3 weeks? Is she maybe ill? A thousand thoughts and cares torment me.

A sad occurrence this morning as I left the camp, that seems to me to be just the beginning of an escalating trouble. An 18 year old boy (Keedjelka) left the camp with me, weeping because he could take to work with him only half a piece of bread with some pickled fish for the whole day. And in addition to his 8 hours work he has to spend one hour both to and from work. They have no money [[]] when fully employed, because the Lischka (a sort of employment office) keeps their money and gives them just enough that they don't starve. The big wigs themselves however live lovely days. Where in Palestine is the strong man who can clean up this pig sty and chase the big wigs to the devil? The poor, [], pitiful people. Parasitism all along the line. In this way they build a nation. I heard this morning that in my village the Kindergarten and the [] are to be closed because there's no money. Hopeless prognoses. Mr. Weizmann can go to the USA with his collection box, but he should take care that the money goes to the right places and not flow away from the top down into a thousand dribbles. Write to Hilde. Three Jews shot by Arabs, one at Nes Cyona, two at Bad Jam.

February 5. Finally a card from Ida, that was exactly 5 weeks on the way, that brings me absolutely nothing certain. I'm happy that she's well again. Her new address: 109 W 98 th Street, New York City.

Letter to Hilde. Katif at Loeb's.

February 6. Finally mail from Hilde. It was exactly 4 weeks on the way, which explains the delay. What is with the child? I must decide to cable the USA if I have heard nothing from there by the 15th. Everything now depends on the [] visum. How stupid I was to have not picked it up on January 16.

Katif Wolkenberg

February 8. Worked only half a day at Wolkenberg's, because of an abscess on my neck that keeps me awake at night and the pain of which I can only make bearable with medication. It is not the case that I have [] temperature. If I can sleep tonight and bear the pain somewhat I'll work again tomorrow, but only half the day because I want to go to Tel Aviv in order to beg money for the fare from various friends and acquaintances. It has to succeed. I'm making a list of all the people that I'll visit.

Last evening I went to Dr. Schmugler [Schumpler?] for supper and to get bandaged. They are charming people. Wrote today to the consul in Jerusalem and ask them, in light of the very needy situation of myself, Hilde, and Peter, to send the visum, and the notice of issuance, and make note of the fact that I was supposed to have received them on January 16. (Letter to the American consulate)

February 9. Go to Tel Aviv before lunch, visit even before noon Prof. Schoenholz, who, in the matter of the money, sends me to the KC treasurer Dr. Bernhard who has only LP3 in the account., and that is reserved for starving KC members. I talk to him a long time, determine that he doesn't feel well at all, although, as he said, one of the Zionists was in the KC, and that he would leave the country again immediately if there were a suitable opportunity, even if back to Germany. His practice is equal to nothing. Agree to consult with Schonholz at 12 the next day, although I can't keep this appointment because I drove with Schauer to Tel Letvinsky [Letoinsky?], where I spent the sabbath as his guest and there was no transport to return to Tel Aviv on the sabbath. Tel Letvinsky is a charming [?] capitalist settlement, where I stayed with Schauer in a small guest house that is run by a Viennese family and that is settled almost only by Germans. Schauer is building a poultry food factory there, in the rooms of a failed one time poultry butchery, although under almost unimaginable difficulties, because no one trusts anybody because of speculation losses and fraud, and everybody wants to make a lot of money quickly.

February 10. In the night from Friday to Saturday unbearable neck pain (abscess) that didn't let me sleep until 2 o'clock. I took 2 tablets of Gel. [] and 1 1/2 sleeping pills to bring this to an end, with the result that Schauer had to wake me at 1 o'clock to eat and I walked around drunk and dizzy all day and I had to go back to bed at 7 o'clock. But this night was better.

February 11. Leave for Tel Aviv at 8 o'clock, stopped off in Ramatgan[?], where I visited Dr. Stern (Zwickau, Schocken) and the brother of dentist Eschelbacher (at one time from Neuwied, now USA) dentist Dr. Oskar Eschelbacher. Stern feels well, he has no occupation, gives me a half LP for the fare. Then on to Tel Aviv, where I visit acquaintances from the ship and friends to get money for my fare.

1) Weber gave me £1.-

2) Mrs. Paste promises 1 - 2 LP by the end of the week.

3) Mestschansky promises 1/2 LP by the end of the week.

4) Markuse promises a larger amount by the end of the month.

5) Mrs. Sterne feld promises 1 LP if she can afford it.

6) Dr. Lichtenstein, former member of the board of directors of the community in Danzig, will try to get the amount, by way of the Olez Germania, from the account of H I & M or Haft, and asked me to call on him again in 8 days. Also Schoenholz, who in the meantime wants to collect money for me from KC members, and send me to the KC in Haifa and Jerusalem with suitable [] and recommendations. There are KC members there who are well off and have good incomes. Fraternity brother Bernhard gave me the address of Fraternity brother Solon in London, to whom I should turn for money. A lot of running around, overcoming large inhibitions, but it has to be done because Hilde has to get out of Germany and I have to get out of here. Because what am I to do after the Katif? Freeloading? No!! Supper with the Beins, with whom I also spend the night. They are very friendly and approachable.

February 12. Continue my efforts that together give me optimism about gathering the money. Schoenholz advises strongly, as does Mrs. Dr. Schmepler[?], to telegraph. Decide to sacrifice the necessary amount, somewhat more than LP1.-, for that purpose, but first I want to read the mail from USA that may have arrived in the meantime at home. Leave Tel Aviv at 4 o'clock, and there is actually a letter from Leo and one from Hilde. Finally, finally news that the boy is alright. One large worry less, and the favorable news from Leo give some hope again. Have supper with Loeb, then go to Schmugler to get bandaged and let Mrs Schmepler, who is going to Tel Aviv tomorrow (February 13), send a NLT to Villmont: "[in English] wife utmost need. Can only leave Germany if I [am in] USA. Telegraph. remittance anglopal bank Telaviv. Cannot get money here. Hirsch". With Leo's letter there is the address of Ernst Dryfus in Jerusalem who can be very useful to me, as also a card from Dr. Widmann whose brother I should visit in Haifa.

February 13. Write to Peter, Hilde, and Villmont.

February 14. Letter from the American consulate. Katif.

February 15. Katif at Loeb's.

February 16. Katif at Wolkenberg's. Never been so tired as today, probably because of a Chamsim. So tomorrow's sabbath is very welcome. And yet I have to wash tomorrow. Handkerchiefs, shirts, and towels. On Sunday I'll go to Tel Aviv and Haifa. Letter to Hilde.

February 17. Washed 10 handkerchiefs, 2 shirts, and 1 towel.

February 18. Ride to Tel Aviv at 0930, where I continue my efforts to beg together the money for my fare. Through Monday I received:

Weber	1.-
Stern (Ramatgan, from Zwickau)	0.5
Schoenholz [][]	1.5
Colleague Mestschavitzky	0.5
Dr. Levin Haifa Kafe Atara	<u>1.0</u>
	4.5
When affordable, I can get	
O[] Danzig, through W[]	3.0?
Mrs. Sternfeld	1.0
Zeldowitzsch	<u>1.0</u>
	9.5

On my feet all day, and the 19th, to get more done. But it is very hard to get something from the people, because each has more than enough to do for their own family. It's a thorny road that my unbending will to get out of here as soon as possible, in Hilde's interest as well as my own, forces me to travel. I was Schauer's guest in Tel Lebainsky for the nights of February 18-19 and 19-20. Drive on February 21 to Haifa, where I visit and talk to Dr. Widman, visit Flatanners, and stay the night of 21/22 and 22/23 with them. Reception very friendly and hospitable. Only little success in Haifa. Brother Gross will exert himself for me with one or the other Brother, and if he is successful transfer the money to my account. The KC members in Haifa are mostly not doing well. He (Gross) gives me the address of a KC brother in Alexandria. Return to Tel Aviv on February 23, stay the night of 23/24 with Schauer again, continue my efforts of the 22nd in vain, and return to Beth-Chanan at 4 o'clock, where I find a lamenting letter from Hilde. It is inconsolable to have to watch with bound hands, as the poor woman pines away with longing for husband and child.

February 23-24. Because of Katif at Loeb's I didn't get to write important mail to Hilde and Katz, that I took care of in the morning and thereby missed a half day's work at Wolkenberg's. On my return from my trip someone, on behalf of the Irgun, had taken my suitcase out of my tent and put it under a []. The purpose is to evict me from the tent. But I still have to sleep in this cheerless tent, because I have no money for an apartment and likely wouldn't be allowed to find a room. For security however I put my suitcase in Loeb's []. But how [] and inconvenient!

February 26,27. Katif

February 28. Katif. Painful neck abscesses for days. I worked anyway. Because of this every 2 days to get bandaged by Dr. Schmuckler, who offers, in my need for a place to live, to let me sleep on his examination divan in his 3-room apartment with 2 children (one under 1 year old). I do not accept because of severe worries about such close quarters. The situation in the camp, and thereby the tent life, become ever more unbearable, because they're after me every day to get out, and because there is no security for my possessions. There is the danger that they will force me to get out by taking away my bed. So I decide to exert myself for a recently empty room in a Zeif[] (wooden house). Whether with success will be decided in 2 or 3 days. Rent is 55 Piasters, that I can spare with great difficulty, especially because Wolkenburg is in payment arrears since January 20. I hope I won't experience disappointment there, his economic situation is very bad.

Today, finally, finally, mail from Peter. How happy I am that the boy is well. Also good news from Ida. She writes that Haft's brother-in-law saw Leo and told him that H. had sent the ship ticket to me, and expressed the hope that I had already received it. Finally a gleam of air.

February 29. This morning, the English Bluebook strike in all Jewish businesses. I used the free day to write to Leo, Ida, Peter, Miss Goldschmidt, Hilde, and Father. Decide to go to Jerusalem about the visum on Monday

March 3. A big day today; moved out of the tent, that I can't, and don't want to, hold on to. I rented a room in a Zeriff[] of the [], that costs 55 Piasters a month. I decline electricity because it costs 9 Piasters/month, and burn petroleum, particularly because I count a petroleum lamp as one of my princely possessions. But what a condition the room

was in. The ceiling was hung with cobwebs down to half the height of the walls, the walls covered with dust a finger thick. After removing the cobwebs and dust, I washed down, with soap and water, the oil-painted panel that extends half up the wall, cleaned the windows, that no ray of light could hardly penetrate for the dirt, and cleaned the floor on my knees. Then I brought my things, that I had previously brought to Loeb's, to the room: my field bed with mattress, various boxes, my clothes, my feather bed and blanket, shoes, and so on. I left my suitcase with Loeb until I can buy a lock, because there's no key to the door. After this I was terribly tired, and I slept well in the afternoon with a roof over my head (for the first time in a long while.) I wanted to go to Tel Aviv today, but not possible because of the OZ ([]). Because the curfew is also tomorrow, I can't go til Tuesday morning, and I'll work tomorrow, Monday, in the Katif. I pay for 2 weeks in the room, in consideration of my coming departure.

March 5. I slept well in my room the two past nights, and drive after breakfast with Loeb at 0830 to Tel Aviv. My ticket has not yet arrived at Kleinschmidt and Alalouf travel lines. Schoenholz asked me to come to him again after arrival of the answer from Alexandria, and to Jerusalem. I decided to travel to Jerusalem at 2 o'clock p.m. because of unrest in the city and a threatened curfew ([]), so that I wouldn't get stuck in Tel Aviv with high expenses or maybe in an unacceptable case to be forced back to Beth Chanan by the English. On the way, 10 km from Jerusalem, we were told that there is a curfew there, which means blockaded streets. I walked through the city unalarmed, was stopped a few times by English soldiers, whom I told that I had just arrived from Tel Aviv, and so succeed in finding, after looking for a short while, the Wolfssohnhaus where Ernst Tryfus lives. I was received well there, told Ernst my plans, and was invited by his ugly but good hearted wife to stay with them until my plans had been completed. She is really a good, loving, and intelligent woman, who vastly supports her husband in his practice and with massages. Actually I wanted to go home on Friday March 8, but I had to stay over the sabbath, and on Sunday morning was sent home with the instruction to stay with them on my next [] stop in Jerusalem, and if I let them know beforehand to bring my dirty underwear with so she can to boil it.

March 9. They also invited me to the movies on Saturday evening. The movie was so-so, as is usual with my luck when I go to the movies; on top of that the movie was in English with French titles. Went home again on Sunday, (March 10) there was as yet no ticket at any of the places in Tel Aviv, and at about 1800 I returned to Beth Chanan. Supper at Loeb's, where there was also a letter from Hilde and Mazur.

Activity in Jerusalem between March 5 and March 10.

On the morning of the 6th, accompanied by an attorney recommended by Ernst, a Dr Katzenstein who speaks good English because he spent 3 years in England and passed the examination there, I went to the American Consulate in order, with his help, to speak directly to the consul to get the visum immediately. It was denied because the consul could not put up with the insertion of a third party into the matter between the consulate and the petitioner. After Katzenstein left the room, the woman told me that my position, and Hilde's position were not unusual, and that many people, by calling in an intermediary, cause themselves great expense to no success at all, because no exceptions can be made. I was given a misunderstanding on January 15, my turn should be now, but because there were still 20 people waiting for Numbers allotted to Berlin I have to wait until April.

Powerless patience! It's a shame that I have to tell Hilde of the disappointment. It's indeed now been 8 weeks, and I still don't have a ticket or the money for one. Dr. Katzenstein asked me to come to him again an hour after my appearance; I intended to spend the hour in the street, and as I was walking, as if by a deception of fate, I met Markson whom I did not immediately recognize and only after some steps and short reflection on the familiar face turned around and said Schalom and how are you? He is heavier than before and looks almost exactly the same. He thought I was absolutely unchanged and almost younger than 5 years ago when we last met in Marienbad. The joy of seeing each other again was equally great on both sides, and immediately "sprinkled" with a cup of coffee. He immediately invited me to a meal with him the next day, at which I met him, next to his totally unchanged wife in a pretty apartment in Rechawier[?] (villa quarter.) We gossiped about earlier times and people, and touched on Nelly Halstern, who had severe polio and now has serious damage to both legs. She doesn't live far from M. Visited her the next day and met Hans again for supper.

I also visited a Brother Sauger, who lives with his parents and family in Jerusalem, and who also invited me to supper.

Brothers Hirsch and Wolf. The former was very pleasant and referred me, in my situation, to Brother Dr Straus, the representative of the KC in Jerusalem, who was very pleasant and sympathetic and advised me to introduce myself to Dr. Halberstaedter, the director of the Hadassah. radiology department. He saw me immediately, showed me the entire hospital, with the most varied views and panoramas of Jordan, the Dead Sea, and Transjordan. He offered to let me stay with him at night, and promised to take part in the collection effort led by Strauss for me. He asked me to come to him again when I pick up the visum, and to repay the amount lent to me when I can.

Doz. Kleeberg, who I was introduced to with a letter from Schoenholz, is cool and delegated the handling of my situation to his [] soft wife, who was not ashamed to offer me 1 LP in this matter. In the morning, according to my conversation with Kleeberg, I called him again, don't talk at all about the money (I leave that now to Strauss) and only ask him for a letter of recommendation to Halberstadt. He rejects this with the words: "I don't know you at all." Absolutely no understanding of people's needs at this time. Thank God he's the only one. I learn from Saenger that a Brother Heineman is a department leader at an auto company in Tel Aviv, I visit him on the way home and he offers to let me stay with him next time I'm in Tel Aviv. So the days in Jerusalem were filled with a lot of work, but I am of the opinion that something will come of it. I looked carefully around the city again on the sabbath, in the morning at the Rakefeller Museum, a beautiful building from whose roof tower one has a beautiful panorama over the city and in particular the Omar Mosque. In the afternoon I was invited by a woman from Worms, a friend of [] wife, a Miss Meier, to visit a home for [] children near Talpioth that one gets to after a 45 minute walk. One goes past the English military camp, the High Commisioner's castle (a bit further away) and a bit further from the home one has a beautiful view from a hillock of the [] Castle (castle of the []), Bethlehem, and the Jordan sink, whose surroundings look like a moonscape. A strike that was to have happened in the evening started at Hans', and so I went to the movies.

March 13. The money arrived for the fare for the trip, that is now 100% closer. Write immediately to Hilde.

March 14. Katif.

March 15. Katif holiday (Hafsako) that I use to enquire at Orient Travel Office (Kleinschmidt) about the departure of the next steamer, how much luggage, and landing fees.

March 24. Answer from Scherbel. What immeasurable luck to have received fare money from overseas.

March 25. Katif. No mail from Hilde since March 7. What's going on? Hopefully only postal problems. Peter doesn't write either. Also no answer from Katz in Alexandria. It will be negative anyway.

March 26. I asked the [] in [] Woldenberg to give me the remaining money, because I'm leaving soon. The churlish Polish Jew told me to get it from the Lischka, or go away to someone else. This shameless answer made me decide to leave the process at midday.

March 27. At last today mail from my beloved Hilde. Unfortunately the delay wasn't caused by the post. There are certain []. O what the poor woman has to put up with in this regard as well as all the others, and I can't say one loving word, miles and more miles away, or stroke her hand to comfort her and me. But thank God she is strong and enjoys life and is sooooo sensible. I hope that the letters I wrote her after March 5 reach her soon, and bring her a little joy. Thank God she also has news of Peter, but why doesn't the boy write to her directly? Do her parents know anything? I'll write to them immediately, and also answer Hilde's letter.

Mail from the brother-in-law of Katz. I should visit him in Jerusalem in the next few days.

March 28. [] wrote a pleasant, comforting letter. My love should be out of the clinic by now, as I write this, and recovering well. If I could only leave here soon, and be together with her.

A long letter from Ida. It is comforting that, for the first time, she is expecting me.

March 31. Went to Tel Aviv in the morning. Night with Scheuer in Tel Leteoniski.

April 1. Went to Jerusalem. Immediately to the consulate without success. The numbers for April have been allocated already. Was comforted with []. Horrible to have to wait another 4 weeks, that imply significant loss of time and money. How much I would have liked to tell Hilde, just at this time, that I have the visum. But alas! Visit Markson and Brother Strauss. He has not been able to do anything for me.

April 2. Visit Dr. Gerson and write a birthday card to Peter. Stay with Dr. Tryfus. Visit Markson, they both have the flu. Can expect 15 LP from Dr. Gerson when I have the visum in my hand. What will Strauss yet arrange?

April 3. Met an acquaintance from the ship, from whom I got the idea that maybe I can travel as a [standby?] passenger. Could save a lot of money that way, but I'm not sure of safety and duration of the trip. Commission an acquaintance from Haifa, whom I meet in Tel Aviv (April 5) (Behar) to [] the matter for me, and to write to me about it. Dr.

Neumann, trusted doctor at the American Consulate, advised me urgently to not try to use an intermediary to see the consul in order to speed up the issuance of the visum, it is more likely to hurt; he assures me that everything is done correctly there (in fact, extremely so) and that it is scarcely conceivable that the consul would cause me the unnecessary expense associated with a new medical exam that would be required after 4 months (May 15). I learned from the owner of Tryfus' house that a woman who was registered in November

38 was told that she would get her visum soon. So my turn will come soon. At Ernst's place I read John Gunther's 'Inside Europe', Vol 1 and 2.

April 5. Leave Jerusalem at 0800 and am back in Beth Chanan at 1:30, without having lunch at Loeb's. Mr. L lets me know that next Sunday he will get engaged to Laura. There's a report from Schuftan about Hilde's condition, and that afternoon there's a letter from Hilde that, thank God, she wrote herself. Hopefully she will now, three weeks after the message of March 11, also be out of the clinic and be well recovered.

April 6. Loeb will marry his housekeeper Miss Laura Seemann tomorrow. Loeb is 60 years old, his two sons are not yet old enough to marry, so this is an absolutely necessary and decent resolution for him.

April 11. Letter from Hilde. Thank God she is better and takes part in the emigration. Unfortunately I cannot tell her I have received the visum. If I don't get it by May, I'll go to the consul myself. Because of Hilde's letter I thought of travelling "cheaply", and after I get the visum and get an overview of my money I'll go to Haifa. Before that, a conference with the captain from Danzig.

April 18. A big letter from Hilde pleases me enormously. One can take care of the furniture from over there. Travel to Jerusalem tomorrow, and hope to finally get the visum. [] people who registered after me already have theirs.

April 19. Leave at 6 o'clock for Jerusalem. Result: they hope to be able to issue the visum in May, and deny every issuance with the explanation that the consulate got the numbers from Berlin this month in a totally irregular way, that it may happen that they get none at all. The consul asked me whether he should set back some one else because of me. Disarming! I'm back in Tel Aviv at 2 o'clock, and seek information about a reduced rate voyage, at which my [] tells me that as a one time ship's doctor, I'm entitled to a 50% reduction by international custom. Conference again at midday.

April 24. In Tel Aviv. Didn't meet [], but get a certificate from the Oleg Germania that I was a ship's doctor. Make enquiries whether it is possible to get a rate reduction for an ex-ship's doctor, and I'll find out for myself next Tuesday. Decide not to travel on a freighter, because of the of insecurity factor.

April 26. Mail from Hilde, which pleases me terribly and from which I know she's out of danger again. I'll write to her right away. But what? Comfort her again? Can I tell her of the result of my conversation with the consul?

May 6. Paid 1 LP to Loeb.

May 9. Letter from Ida, that I'll answer right away.

May 10. Letter from Peter about his [] foster mother Mrs. H. Franklin, the sister of Sir Herbert Samuel, the one time and first High Commissioner for Palestine and aunt of Sir Edwin Samuel, Herbert's son, who is supposed to be in Palestine now.

May 14,15,16,17. Work at the [Bigan?], a hollow with heavy, dark soil, pressing Chazir (barley cut green and then dried, = substitute hay). In this heat, which is already torture, I also get six blisters, 3 on each hand, from the handle of the fork with which I throw the Chazir into the press. My hands are very red, swollen, and I can only [] with pain.

Despite all this I surmount the work well, even though I'm not used to it, and notice with pleasure that my heart can take such demands in this heat. Happily there are only two hours on the 17th, because on this day and today, the 18th, there is a Chamsin that is seldom this strong. It is so hot at night that one cannot sleep. Many hens died. Mr. Loeb

runs a sprinkler at the [], so that the animals can get some relief. Earned 25 Pisters per day, from 7 until 4 with one hour lunch break.

May 17. Letter from Hilde, that I've been waiting for since April 26. A letter and photo from Father are included. Considering the situation on the Swiss-German border, was this the last? I'm going to wait for the next letter from Hilde, before I write to those poor people again. O how disconsolate everything is, and on top of that the political/military situation in Belgium. Brussels in German hands. What will happen next?

May 21. We had some difficult hours here because of the military situation in the West, but there was general relief when the German advance on the Aisne was halted. What a cowardly, fearful rabble the Jews are, and how willing and prompt they are to impose immediate higher costs for circumstances of daily needs, without consideration for poor people. Better to be dead than to have to live here permanently.

May 23,24,25. In Jerusalem at the consulate. The woman who works my case greeted me with a smile, which one may interpret as a 'signum boni omnius' in light of the usual chilly and cool [atmosphere]. She gets my file, determines that I am next in line, and promises me to see to it that I get the visum in June. I don't fail, as I have in the past, to mention Hilde's situation in Berlin, and emphasize that she cannot recover there from her 3 months in hospital with complete [] and total nervous breakdown. I believe this had effect. Sleep at Tryfus, and eat with Hans Markson, with whom and his wife I went to the movies on the evening of the 24th and saw a charming film (Wizard of Oz.) With more confidence than earlier, I went to Tel Aviv on the 25th and, partly because of my confidence and partly because one can depart only by way of Greece, I booked passage (5 PL) on the Nea Hellas. Germans can no longer get a transit visa through Italy, and the American ships that leave here are too expensive 70 PL! If only the Mediterranean stays quiet and my departure happens in June. O, the happenings and the long wait have made one so confused that every glimmer of hope stirs one up again.

May 27. Work at the Bizar, at the Chazir press. That evening they burned swastikas on funeral pyres [at the stake?] everywhere, because of [Lagbeamer?]

May 31. Despite all fears that the English censors will allow no more mail, there was finally today mail from Hilde, and I'm happy that the poor woman is well again. It drives me crazy that she has always more complications. Is it now at an end? And how pitiful and anaemic she must look, in that general situation there! If only she overcomes it all. The hurry for the visum is now not for her: but the boy!! Write a letter to the consulate.

June 5. Letter from Hilde. She scolds; while it hurts me to see her in this state, yet her scolding is evidence that she is better, thank God, and that she is taking part in her fate. The fact that I used her illness to speed things up at the American consulate can hardly hurt her, because I spoke of her recovery, not her illness, in the letter of June 1 to the consulate. I'll wait for the effect until June 20, then go back to Jerusalem again, because I must leave in June.

June 7. Letter from the consulate: negative. Entry of the Italians into the war before the []. Imagine that's the reason they won't let doctors leave Palestine, or is something personal about me in the files? Was Hilde right, that my letter had bad results? I [] my head, and can't sleep any more. Must get clarity.

June 9. Go to Tel Aviv, to the travel agent, where they advise me urgently to go to Jerusalem in order to learn something from the representative doctor at the consulate. He

advised me to do nothing, and assured me that also other visum applicants had received the same letter, manifestly because of the recent entry of the Italians into the war and the unclear situation in the USA itself. After receiving the letter I realized, and people like Dr and Mrs Schmukler and Dr. Gruenebaum agreed with the idea, that I have to find employment as a doctor, to which end the political developments are advantageous. They advised me to look for work at the Health Insurance (very difficult) or if that is not successful, to get permission to occupy myself in the ambulance at Beth Chanan. Have to wait at the Health Insurance for 1 1/2 hours, during which I went across the street to a coffee shop for a cup of coffee, and where I saw a newspaper which seemed to say that one can bring wife and child here from Germany. No success with Dr. Meier (Health Office). Went directly to the Oleg Germania, in order to enquire about the possibility of immigration for my wife, and find out that's only for people who are in the country legally, and for people from enemy occupied territory. Not for people in Germany. I explained my situation to colleague Klabe, and assure him that I have to find work or crack up, and ask him whether he knows of absolutely nothing for me. Right at the end it occurred to him that the position house doctor may be open in a small convalescent home in Buci Berack, but that I should go immediately to Dr. Relich, who knows more about it. Off to Dr. Relich. He confirmed that the position is still open, and advised me to go there immediately. That done, I met a richly nervous woman in a large, clean house in an attractive setting, with bath, shower, and toilet, everything that I have done without for a long time. I explain that I accept to the owner, a Polish woman, who lived in the US for 2 1/2 years, and ask her to come the next day to Dr. Relich and sign a contract with me, a contract that I had already discussed with Dr. R. Tell R that she's coming, and also go to Bad [Jam], to the mother and sister of Brother Minz, who are very happy and want to help me. Go back to Buci Berack in the evening, spend the night in the house of my future work place, and next morning go to Jerusalem. Immediately visit Dr. Neumann, the consulate doctor, who advised me urgently not to do anything. Go to Hans Markson, and invite myself to lunch and to stay overnight. Shortly before lunch I visited Miss Kummel at the Soelmith, where she assures me that, even if I were her brother, nothing can be done about the emigration of my wife, because (1) I'm illegal, and (2) Hilde is in enemy territory. A decree of June 12 states that one can bring dependents here from Germany, but only if they are less than 18 or more than 60. Visit doctors, KC people, and others to advertise my new work circle[?], spend the evening in blackout at 9 o'clock in Jerusalem with Hans, where I met his sister Hedi and her husband, newly immigrated from Triest, and continued my marketing the next morning (June 11). At midday I'm back in Tel Aviv, meet Dr. Ronlich again, who gave me a draft contract in which I get free board and lodging, laundry, 2 LP salary and a 50% commission[?] from the house. (Initial period is 3 months with 14 days notice, and automatic renewal for one year when no one gives notice.) Now it's to work. To Beth Chanan in the afternoon at 5 o'clock, visit Schmucklers, who are delighted, the next day (June 12) help him pack for his move to Afule[?], pack my own stuff, go to the good bye party for Schm. to Bet Am., arrange for my suitcase to be moved, which promptly doesn't happen, and at 12:30 on the 12th I'm in Buci Berack, loaded with happiness to be at work and with working spirit. I hope this is the start of an organized life.

June 25. Worked like a horse until today. Visited doctors, health insurance office, and so on, in a word a person to person marketing effort to bring some movement into this place [get this business going]. Without palpable result so far, but that shouldn't discourage me. There have to be billboards and newspaper ads. But, in addition to the hard times, the negligence of my predecessor [Vorzauger?] is to blame. Although the house has been in existence since February 15, 1940, it is almost unknown here. Also, I think, the owner in person doesn't [make a good impression?]. The old bag is whimsical, nervous, and []. -- Where is mail from Hilde? I'll wait to write, until I get mail from Hilde, showing that correspondence is possible.

Write to Ida, that she possibly takes the boy in, and let Mrs. Franklin know that the boy is to be sent to to the US if evacuation becomes necessary.

July 8. Can't stand it, must send that letter to Hilde today, and hope that she receives it. Let the consulate know my new address.

It is becoming ever more clear that there is no living with the owner of the house. Under the []mantle of neighbor-love and social conscience she reveals herself as a masculine [lesbian?] , egoistical being, in short, a nasty Polish Jewess, who in addition annoys me in the most loathsome manner with her [Mannestollheit = male crazyness?] In addition, no success with my work, which slowly ripens my decision to leave.

July 23. Mail from the consulate, which I hope will be the invitation to pick up the visum. But again what a disappointment. They want character witnesses up to the day of landing, well that will succeed, thank God, with witnesses from Mannischwalde and Berlin without a gap. The affidavit has to be renewed. Immediate telegram to Leo with the request for an affidavit from himself, Marshall, and Haft, that will be here in 5 or 6 weeks if all goes well. Then I think I will finally get the visum and can leave. Given this state of affairs I decide to move to Tel Aviv, where I can live more cheaply. Because I need my money so urgently for the trip, I have to be very economical, I accept support from the doctors' organization who give me free lunch, and a well off acquaintance from the ship (Lewkowitzsch) arranged a free hotel room, of the Ol. Germania, for 4-5-6 weeks. O how depressing it all is. No way of earning anything. What misery for all the people without money or possibility of earnings, whose number grows steadily. Everyone tries to cheat the other of their last possession in the most nasty [gemeinsten] way.

August 1. Move to Tel Aviv. Write a letter to Hilde, via Lisbon, describing the USA trip situation. 12.5 Piasters, in the hope that the poor woman gets a sign of life from me again. Can she still be reached at her old address, 98 III Wilmersdorferstr? Sometimes I get the troubling thought that I should never have left her. Well, hopefully we'll be together again soon, otherwise I don't know what will become of me.

August 13. In my inconsolable state of depression [Einerlei = all is the same], a letter from Peter today brought some little happiness again and the feeling that my family still exists and that someone thinks of me. Hilde will also be doing that, and will write immediately when she gets my letter of August 1. The boy already writes charming English. O if only Hilde could see it. When will it finally be? I'll write to Peter immediately, even if I almost believe he won't get the letter. I'll ask that it be forwarded to the US. When will I get there and be together with him?

Otherwise, one day goes like another. I'm still waiting; how it grinds me down. And how inconsolable everything here is. If something fundamental doesn't happen, there will be a horrible catastrophe.

In order to conserve money for the trip, I'm living almost totally on the doctors' welfare organization, and live at a home for immigrants through the auspices of a family that was with us on the ship. Not really a pleasant situation, but it has to be. There's no hope of gainful activity. O how awful.

November 2(?) I was invite to Wallach (Andernach) for Friday evening and then a game of Skat. The pleasure of seeing each other again was great on both sides.

December 8. Moved from Hajarkom 55 to Trempeldorfstr 10. Pay 1 Pl 10 Piaster for a very small room (more dog kennel) including everything (laundry, light, service, etc.) [] inexpensive, and am alone. In contrast to Hajarkom, where I roomed with a man who, it turned out later, was an unpleasant man of my age, a [] scoundrel from Tüchel[?] in East Prussia, an uncultured Eastern Jew.

December 10. My birthday without any feeling for it, but sorrowful thoughts of wife and child.

December 14. No mail from Peter for much more than two months. Last evening I asked Steinberg to ask his father-in-law Mazur in Surbiton to inform himself of Peter's condition, and gave him money for an airmail letter. I hope to get calming news soon. Also no word from America either. It drives me crazy. The only thing holding me back from going to the English military because of my unemployment is my responsibility to my wife and child. But what will happen when there's no more money? Well until then I'll live more frugally. [Several sentences obscured by bleed through from other side of page.] That evening I went to a talk at the Oleg Germania, where the speaker [a pun on "To understand all is to forgive all" using the word "Dalles" meaning money]. But in this land of loathsome [], nothing is understood and certainly nothing forgiven.

January 14, 1941. Occupy myself since the beginning of the month in the folowing way: Position as chauffeur - nothing. Association with a younger colleague in a [] Arab village - nothing. In the pharmaceutical industry - nothing. O Palestine, you land of death, what will you tell your children and children's children.

Should I go to the English army? But may I, considering Hilde and the child?

January 26. Work as English interpreter with a graphologist, and earn a few Piasters a day with this. To do this I sit in bars with foreign soldiers and learn English along the way; it's enough for a minimum existence.

April 6. I was arrested at work with my co-worker - Lewit is the name of the unpleasant psychopath - by the criminal police, and brought in a car by way of various police stations to the CID (English secret police), where they first took all my things except money.

Then we were each taken home by two secret policemen, for a house search, at which they confiscated all my correspondence. Then they let us go. The next day

April 7. ordered to a CID interrogation.

April 8. Big interrogation, with a thorough life history. The men read, in this diary, about the two "spies" that were brought aboard in Lavrio. See March 15, 1939. No other connection to espionage - self-evidently - in my papers. Only the most perfect subject could sign on to this, considering the [] received words of the Nazis and that my only

child, as many others, have found refuge in England, which England is today in a life and death struggle with these Nazi[] and barbarians.

April 9. Told to come back on April 11.

April 11. They gave back our things, and gave us permission to work, The best evidence for our innocence, that without this was undoubted anyway. In spite of this I was impressed by the reasonable procedures and handling of [] by the Englishmen, but alas, my respect received - I'm sorry to say - a setback, because when I went through my papers that they had taken from me I found that the stamps were missing that I had saved for my boy and with which I had wanted to give him pleasure. Even an Italian stamp was torn off an envelope that Markson had given me. Should I let the CID know of this, for their own rehabilitation? Arguments based on reason speak against this, and it will be better to bear this disappointment, because I can get most of the stamps again.

These were troubling days and even more restless nights. The fate of emigrants that can befall even the most decent and honorable.

April 12. Today I'll go see Mrs Professor Magnes, who has come to the Kathe Dan rooming house. What will come of our conversation with respect to my early immigration to the US?

May 18. Send a repeated letter, with enclosures for Mrs Haft, to Ida, and trouble her to send the affidavit and money (by telegraph) if she hasn't already done it. What bitter, tormenting days of waiting! What an irrecoverable loss of time and money. - Three letters from Peter within 14 days. It is a happiness that, in spite of the depressing situation, he is well and is being reasonably well raised by his teacher Miss Finch.

June 5. Begin work as a night porter at the Hotel "Kaethe Dan", one of the most elegant houses in Tel Aviv, and am happy to be able to work at something again (1900 - 0700). The owner of "Kaethe Dan" is a Mr. Rosenbluth, whose daughter married a son of Mrs. Magnes. So he's a distant "relative". I have to thank the recommendation of cousin Magnes for this job, that by the way brings in 3 PL per month and free food.

June 6. Sent a few daffodils to Mrs. Dr Danzig as a sign of gratitude. After initial difficulties in the new work environment today went quite well. My spoken English is adequate, but still needs a lot of improvement.

July 7. Have to give up the above job, allegedly because my knowledge of [] (Hebrew) is inadequate, but I suspect intrigues by the other employees are responsible. This suspicion [][] the waiter and a super [Hausfaktotum?] who advanced into my position. Rosenbluth himself behaved decently, and exerts himself to find something else for me. In this climate I am not particularly interested in manual labor, preferring to keep my strength for a later time that I hope is not too far away. The boredom is a torture. Sometimes I spend the evening with Wallach and Steinberg. I have to try to find a room mate, and so reduce my monthly budget by 1 LP.

More intense English anti-Zionism and vanishing of the belief in a national home are growing visibly in circles where one would have believed this scarcely possible. Only "wise guys" are still interested, for understandable reasons, and [][]. The god Mammon rules the Jews from top to bottom, and with this the idiots think they can build a state. The priests [] their thing at "destructive work". I received a photo from Peter a few days ago. He looks good, but he seems to live in a needy environment. Poor, poor boy, from every point of view. If only Hilde can get to the US soon! I hope she had some luck

[happiness] with Magnes' little card from Mr. Troper of the Joint Distribution Committee in Lisbon, 242 Rua Anrea.

August 19. As of today I am employed as a casual at the Hadassah-Jerusalem, thanks to the touching and motherly love of Mrs. Magnes, and I'll be told tomorrow in which department I am to start. Prof. Halberstaedter advised me, with my complete concurrence, to begin in the []. But because my stipend depends on Prof. H.'s [], I'm starting with him, with much material and thanks for his great interest. From his clerks [interns?] I learned a lot for the first time about the very interesting and difficult subject of blood.

December 1, 1941. After 3 1/2 months in the X-Ray and Radium department, I am moving to the ObGyn, and thanks to Prof. H. continue to get my stipend. Many births, many operations (neoplasms). Triplets (3 girls) today. Mrs Magnes asked about Hilde's address today, to work on getting her out as quickly as possible by way of Troper in Lisbon. No mail from Peter since mid September. Life is bearable because of lots of interesting work, time flies and with it the years. If I could just be in the circle of my family on my next birthday.

March 15, 1942. No more mail from New York and Hilde since America's entry into the war. Where and how is she? No answer to the cable of March 12, 1942, drives me crazy. Letter to her via the Vatican. Can I get news that way? Yech, what a life! Not worth living. And time is flying by. The war has been going on for 2 1/2 years, and on March 3 it was 3 years since I was separated from my family. Never, never would I have proceeded this way if the consequences had been even remotely foreseeable. And yet, and yet no end in sight. What will become of all this? Destruction.

March 23. Finally, on Mutti's [Hilde's?] birthday, a letter from Ida, that could be a good omen ['signum boni ominis'] because it arrived today, even though it is depressing - farewell letter [in English]?! O how could the poor woman be? Cannot think it through to the end. The horrible thought always occurs, whether I shall ever see her again. I've never been so close to this valuable soul as now, when she is so far away and maybe in danger of her life. If you, dear Hilde, should read these lines, then you will know, and for the first time be able measure the extent to which, you have become a part of my life and how much I miss you. Never in all our days together have I loved you as much as I do now, and if we are ever together again then I will love you still more as a solemn vow and present for your 40th birthday.

Can anything be done for her from the US? I still hope so.

June 7.. At the request of Dr. Hochman, Halberstaedter's assistant, I shall return to the Xray and Radium department after 2 months work. And this is good, because as of October 1 the stipends of the interns [Hausvoluntaerarztstellen] are to be raised. Halbers. promises to get me one of these positions.

June 20. As of a few days ago, it is now possible to send mail to Sweden. Totally despairing, because there is no sign of life from Hilde, I wrote to Eisenberg/Halsnichborg[?] and asked him, with the support of his brother and brother-in-law, to help me find Hilde, if the poor woman is still ... alive. Horrible thought. I wrote an Airgraph letter to Peter, the postage for both was 18.5 Piasters, a lot of money for me. In his last letter I was particularly delighted with his clean handwriting and his unbelievable

progress in English and depth of thought. He's also longing to have his parents with him again.

August 15, 1942. Received a letter today from the Red Cross via Cafe Land in Tel Aviv. Makes me curious! From where does the Red Cross know my previous address? There must be some acquaintance behind it. Could it be my Hilde? Ran immediately to Magnes, because I thought that there might be an answer to my cable from early December 1941. And as I thought, already on the next day Mrs Magnes told me on the phone that [] a letter from the Red Cross. Hilde is still (July 6, 1942) in Berlin and well. What luck and what happiness not felt this deeply for a long time, that my precious is cheerful. Yet, yet ... Why have I had no sign of life from her for over a year? Can or dare she not write to me, to not endanger her safety of something? But others get new from the R. Cross. Or could she ... I don't want to complete the thought ... have completely forgotten me and gone to some one else? Dear Hilde, if we do see each other again, I will demand total clarification of this matter, not because I would be jealous, but I cannot imagine why I've heard nothing from you when I've written to you so often, to document for you that I'm always with you. What is with you? Have you totally left me internally? And what shall I tell our boy someday, when he as adult reads these diary pages? Dare I say anything bad about his Mutti, who gave him life and spent many restless night because of him? I cannot imagine, and don't want to, that even a shadow falls on her whose good name and appearance were brought all this way to me by an acquaintance (Dr. Nothmann) from Berlin. This evening, at Magnes', I learned that I am to be a resident [Hausarzt] at Haddassah as of October 1, 1942. My economic position will be improved significantly. And its time, because my money - PL57 on March 13, 1940 - is at an end. Now I can live without support, and somewhat improve my underwear and wardrobe again. Will I go to the army as a doctor? I volunteered after they started taking doctors up to 47 years old. Much speaks for it, and also much against. In any event, I don't need to hurry any more. September 6. Letter from Peter. The boy is precious/charming, when will I be able to take him in my arms again. I'm happy that he's enjoying a good upbringing.

October 15. Resident, as of today, not October 1 because the Hadassah board couldn't meet in the absence of the director, Dr. Jascy. I am the chief resident in the Xray and Radium department.

October 13. I appeared in front of a 4-member selection committee of Jewish doctors, for the purpose of appointment as an Army doctor. I passed this first step, in which my knowledge of English was tested, and will be summoned to the second, a committee of English doctors, in 8 to 10 days. I approach this calmly, because my knowledge of English has improved, and if I fail then I can always stay at Hadassah. ... When will I get mail from Hilde again? We could live here together so well now, and she could take part in everything. Alas, it shall not be, and life must go on. A dear, good, and respectable friend, a Mrs. Sch., an acquaintance from the ship, whose husband had to have a leg amputated here in the hospital, lovingly and kindly helps me cope. I have her to thank for many pleasant/beautiful hours.

Mail is due from Peter.

November 13. Today I went for an interview, and yesterday a medical exam, for the purpose of getting appointed an Army doctor. All was 'all right' [in English].

November 20. 'Can not be utilized in his Majesty's forces' [in English], probably because Hilde and Father are still in Nazi Germany. It's not tragic, I'll stay where I am, live more quietly and comfortably and continue to learn a lot. Also worth a lot, and I preserve myself and my strength for my family. And Halberst. will be happy also. Yet remarkably they also rejected my friend and Fraternity brother Cohen even though he's some years younger than I.

November 19. The letter that I received today from my dear Hilde is more tragic. What can I do to protect this poor courageous woman from the worst? I went to Magnes right away, to find out if and how she can be helped, to answer the letter from the Red Cross right away. She must not lose hope now. I'm happy that my good Mutti is healthy. I hope she'll stay that way until we're together again. O what I have to make up for to this brave woman. Where are the Nazi dogs going to drag her off to? My internal scream is for revenge, revenge.

December 10 For my birthday I was invited to supper by the Cant[is], who touchingly gave me a tie. Their granddaughter Clelia drew a Menorah for me because it's the last day of Chanukah. When will I finally be able to spend my birthday with loved ones? Before I'm 50? A horrible thought, to be 50 years old and not only have achieved nothing but to be forced to live apart from my family, with whom at this age one feels best. You miserable Nazi rabble, when finally will the devil haul you all off to the gallows that you have long deserved?

1943. Nothing of importance happened until I learned in July that one can bring ones family here as an exchange if one is a soldier. Exerted myself for this in every way, enlisted even Magnes, and at the end of July I was able to get into a preparatory course for doctors to get into the army. After 3 weeks 6 of the 8 participants were released because they were older than 45. Went back to the Haddassah, where I resumed my previous work on August 22, 1943.

November 4. Got a pleasant small room with a Frankfurt woman, and there with a little order and comfort I feel like a human being again after more than 4 years. Regular mail from Peter, occasional from Ida, it's only bothersome that I can't write to Hilde via the Red Cross which means that I'll have to wait a long time for mail from her, if it arrives at all. Wrote to Eisenberg and Bodenheimer, from whom I've nothing for a long time.

December 18. Meanwhile nothing of particular importance. No mail from Hilde, only Peter writes reasonably regularly and sent me birthday and Christmas wishes almost on the right day.

I celebrated my birthday this year in a somewhat "larger circle". From December 9 to 10, a visit my good friend Mrs. Sch from Tel Aviv, who came here just for my birthday and knew how to make the day somewhat family-like. Responding to an invitation, I left early on the 10th for Tiberias, the old Roman hot spring, where I spent 3 days of quiet and enjoyment of the beautiful country (=Starnberger Lake). On the way back on the 13th I visited Dr. Schmuckler in Afula. Mutual pleasure in seeing each other again. - My landlady Mrs Maas took part in the celebration of my birthday with a cake and a small bottle of Benedictine liqueur. Impossible to respond to Cantanis invitation on that day, celebrated a few days later with a present from Clelia (granddaughter of Mrs Cantanis.)

So the years slip away. Life becomes shorter, there remains only the hope to spend my 50th birthday with wife and child. Will this hope come to pass?

Work in the Haddassah remains the same well know picture. I hope to be able to spend a few months in the Ear-Nose-Throat department soon. The [Mama-Ca] statistic ends. New work: Pneumonia and Xray radiation becomes a prospect.

1944

January 1. Celebrated New Years Eve with Gretel Meyer (from Worms) with a crowd in her childrens home. Lots of alcohol, lots of food.

February 29. Airgraph from psychiatrist Mrs Dr Friedlander, about Peter. I read this serenely but with moist eyes, until consultation with neurologists about "trauma" calmed me down. I immediately took intensive pains to get him into another school, and the next day already I got news from Magnes that she had contacted Benteach[?] in London, from which I promise myself the most. Secondly I enlisted Miss Hanbridge by way of my good friend Mrs Cantari[?]. 3. Mrs Mass will write to Thea Wolff, 4. Auerbach will write to the head of the KC in London, and 5. Tell Ida, with the request that she contribute something, by way of relatives there, that the boy can be given the best accomodation and upbringing. I hope that the boy can be placed in one of the really good educational institutions, and for that reason write that he should stay there after the war for professional training and citizenship. Yet since December 10, 1943 I have received from him neither news nor a photo, for which I sent him a £ in good time. In good time because I wanted to have the photo here on his birthday. That makes me uneasy. Of course I wrote to him that her will soon go to a new school, and urged him to notify me of everything in detail.

March 5. Still very concerned about Peter. Unexpectedly, but hotly [], a Red Cross letter from Hilde. What a joy. My impression from the letter is that she is being hidden and supported by Christian friends. No return address! The letter begins: "Good people help me." But what about the terrible bombardments? Is she being protected by these people outside Berlin? When will I get the next letter as a sign of life? Hundreds of other questions and problems occur. How I long for the day when I am again united with the good woman and can give her the opportunity to recover, protected and separated from all her troubles.

April 4. Letter from Dr Friedlander, that at the beginning of March she had provided a place for Peter at the new school Springfield Grange, which is evidently a good environment and where he can stay for a year to begin with. Unexpectedly, the Committee will pay for everything. But still no news from him. Why doesn't the boy write? Was he maybe afraid to write from his old school, where he was evidently not well treated?! Copy [in English] of the letter from Dr Fr. to Magnes. Airgraph to 1) Peter, 2) Friedlander, 3) Headmistress. My mind greatly eased, but is the boy completely alright again? I'm eager for his next letter.

April 6. I've been tormented for the last three weeks with an abscess on my neck, that under the observation of a dermatologist won't go away despite all efforts (Xray, diathermy, steam, Sollux[?], moist bandages.) Decide on surgical treatment despite an initial aversion to anaesthetics. The anaesthetic is a blessing, in which one feels consciousness slowly fading. Now I can recommend anaesthesia with a good conscience and conviction. A doctor should know all this from his own experience.

April 8. This night I slept well again for the first time, and today at midday I went to Markson's house for Passover dinner and subsequent Skat. If my progress continues so rapidly, I'll be able to start work again soon,

June 21. A letter from Peter after a half year.

June 26. Encouraged by Mrs. Magnes, I went to the American consulate today to find out what can be done now about immigration. One needs 2 sponsors, that have to present [affidavits] to the State Department for my immigration. There are no more waiting lists. It will take about a year for the visum to be issued. The fare is about PL 150. Let Mrs Magnes know about this immediately

END OF JOURNAL

